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A SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

THE NEED FOR A CONVENTION.

IN November the people of the state of New York will be once again called upon to decide whether or not they will have a Convention for the purpose of revising and amending the state constitution. Apathy or something worse led to the defeat of the measure last year. It is important that all citizens without political distinction who really desire respectable government should consider this subject betimes with the view to make an effort in November strong enough to insure success. When intelligent Europeans hear New Yorkers felicitate themselves upon the blessings they enjoy and give thanks that in respect of free and enlightened government they are not as other citizens or subjects are, and discover thereafter the beauties of their elective judiciary, the exquisite parody of justice which is afforded by the endless delays of their Court of Appeals, the charming compactness and facility of manipulation which are secured by representing five millions of people by one hundred and sixty legislators, both their Albany houses being included, it is no wonder that intelligent Europeans turn up their eyes and think Americans very queer people and very easily satisfied.

It would be truly surprising, did we not reflect that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, that the lamentable evils, the cruel injustices, which constantly arise from the three major abuses just mentioned do not provoke more general attention and censure, or that, provoking them, when a chance appeared for applying the corrective, it should not have been availed of. It would seem as if people had no realizing sense of the magnitude of the principles and interests involved, or as if the mass of voters were cynically indifferent to any wrongs howsoever flagrant which did not immediately and obviously affect their own pockets and comforts. Perhaps the reflection that it is in their power to correct the whole system periodically—that is, once in twenty years—makes people comparatively indifferent to what should be regarded as intolerable; just as ladies get clothes which positively they cannot do without, but which when got often lie hidden for a season in wardrobe or drawers—the power to wear them at pleasure serving the purpose as well as the practical reality. Be that as it may, voters should carefully scan the patent facts involved, and measure the nature and extent of the grievances which in November it will be in their power to remedy.

Very few persons, excepting the judges, the lawyers, and the unfortunates who are interested as litigants, ever bestow much thought upon the horrible injustice and oppression occasioned by the delays in the Court of Appeals. This is no fault of the judges. It is physically and intellectually impossible for them to dispatch the calendar as rapidly as, for the sake of justice and for the discouragement of frivolous and vexatious litigation, it should be dispatched. A case put at the foot of the calendar to-day may not be, and, unless we have a Constitutional Convention, most certainly would not be, reached in due course for a long term of years. The consequences of this are what might be expected. Individuals losing cases in the courts below, and very often when there is not a fiber of strength in their cause or the least chance of the appellate court reversing the decision against them, will, for the sake of revenge—to harass and weary out an opponent; to save their vanity, because they have promised friends and themselves never to lose the suit—carry them into the Appeals. Lawyers are found, of course, who are selfish and unprincipled enough to lend themselves to such schemes, and gentlemen who hold their heads high in Wall Street frequently abet the nefarious conspiracy by granting their names and estates as sureties. Such actions are disgraceful to the last degree; but they are legal, and, as the perpetrators conceive that comparatively few will be knowing to their crime, and that they may thus escape the ostracism and public dishonor which it ought of right to entail, they readily yield to such temptations as are offered for its committal.

The public is probably unaware of the number of

wealthy scoundrels who, aided by their fellow conspirators, are pursuing this vile practice in the New York Court of Appeals; but it will have a good effect if the press which favors the Convention will single out and publish some of the most wicked and corrupt instances in question, that they may have proper influence in the impending election. Such deeds are quite as vile as theft or subornation of perjury, and, indeed, it will be often found that men guilty of them have been more than suspected of these latter crimes, indictable by the legal as well as by the moral code. Scarcely anything can be conceived more barbarous and unjust than such a possibility as this, or more deliberately wicked than the conduct of those who take advantage of it. We all know that things as bad or worse occurred in Lord Eldon's time and later. The miserable abuses of the Court of Chancery are notorious to the world. But all that, and chiefly thanks to Henry Brougham, is changed now.

The delays which are inevitable in our Court of Appeals are in the England of to-day simply impossible. They ought to be made impossible here, and so they can be made provided a sufficient number will vote for the Constitutional Convention.

The mischiefs which are incident to the election of judges are more flagrant to the common eye and require less emphasis for their enforcement. As *The Tribune* fairly urges, more especially with reference to the election of police magistrates, "the thieves, ruffians, blacklegs, keepers of dens of infamy, and other natural enemies of law and morality, now virtually select their own prosecutor and their own judges. As a natural consequence, not one of every three felons in our city is ever brought to trial; and half those clearly guilty who are tried escape conviction. As there are more," our cotemporary pertinently adds, "who suffer from this arrangement than profit by it, we hope to change it in revising our constitution." The reasons for enlarging the membership of both the senate and assembly are as strong, and should be equally convincing. Plainly, the greater the number the less easy to bribe. We hear little of corruption in the legislatures of states like Massachusetts and Vermont, where the numbers seem almost unwieldy; we hear of scarcely anything else in those of New York and Pennsylvania, where the numbers seem disproportionately few. We urge the agitation of the Convention question upon the educated classes, irrespective of party, from the conviction that to agitate is to suggest its examination on all sides, and thus in the sequel to assure an affirmative decision in November.

The three important matters which we have touched upon are not the only ones likely to be affected or subjected to revision by the action of a Convention; but it may be safely assumed that no others can by possibility include objectionable features which should outweigh the advantages of reform that a supplementary bench of Commissioners of Appeals, the abolishment of an elective judiciary, and the expansion of the legislative assemblies may be trusted to assure.

HOW TO REFORM THE COLLEGES.

ALL criticism of our colleges has been so effectually silenced by the demand of the upholders of the existing system that no one shall indicate its defects who is not likewise prepared with a scheme for reform, that the public have been brought to a conviction that our higher education, defective as they know it to be, is nevertheless as perfect as the means at our disposal will permit, and that the faults, of which they are perfectly aware, are impossible of remedy except by the slow growth of refinement and scholarship. In truth, it is an easy matter to show both to what causes the acknowledged inefficiency is due and by what means it may be presently remedied. The real obstacle to improvement lies in the fact that, in the ordinary course of things, those who should accomplish it are the college authorities, the class by whom such reforms as are needed must be regarded with special abhorrence. Failing their action in the matter, there is no recourse but to legislative authority, and all experience goes to show that our legislators are not only incapable of acting intelligently upon the subject, but are quiet indifferent with regard to the highest educational interests.

The essential cause of the inferiority of our colleges—at least the one which must be removed before a creditable standard of scholarship can be established—is their inordinate number. There are now in the country, aside from professional, scientific, and commercial schools, more than two hundred and fifty institutions having the names and powers of colleges. Ten, or at most fifteen, of these are quite as many as can exist with any credit to themselves or their students, and would meet every want of the country for half a century to come. A consolidation which left five of them to the Eastern and Middle, and as many more to the Southern and Western states, would provide each with proper resources of endowments, buildings, libraries, apparatus, scholarships. Professorships would be filled by competent and properly paid men, and would be established in departments now beyond the reach of our colleges. Besides the healthful rivalry which would arise between a few great institutions measuring themselves against one another, each would assemble a large number of students from a wide range of country, and supplant the provincial illiberality and rustic priggishness characteristic of all small-college communities by a broader and more cosmopolitan culture. A degree which implied graduation at one of these colleges would carry equal weight with that of an English university, while honorary degrees would be rescued from the contempt whereinto they have been brought by the nobodies upon whom unheard-of colleges confer them.

Besides these advantages which, almost spontaneously, must follow the absorption of the minor colleges, it is only by such a measure that means can be procured for establishing a thorough system of higher education. At present our colleges, generally, are able to support but a single course of instruction and a single set of instructors. Accordingly, every student is required, without regard to his own tastes or to the line of life he is to pursue, to enter upon an unvarying routine of study which faculties, in their wisdom, have somehow determined to be the proper sort of thing for the average American youth. Hence, a graduating class much resembles a box of army muskets at the Springfield armory, in which every part of each gun has been so fitted to a gauge that they may be taken apart, intermingled, and each piece be brought into the newly-collected gun without possibility of a misfit. Every young man at college is subjected to a similar formula of recitations and lectures, and afterwards gauged in examinations, as if to remove whatever individuality has survived the previous operations and to repress whatever capacity he may have for special departments of study. To call this theory idiotic would be charitable. It is not in the nature of things that a collegeful of students can all advantageously pursue a curriculum which is probably adapted to the wants of no one of them, and has been retained for no more sufficient reason than that their grandfathers were applied to it before them. But in most instances the financial condition of these institutions places it beyond their power to adopt a more liberal policy. In many cases it is a matter of extreme difficulty to maintain even a respectably numerous corps of instructors in a single line of study, and in none is there at present established a thorough university course which enables the student to prosecute his studies beyond a very limited point in as limited a choice of directions. From the same causes, there is not only no present provision, but there is no prospect that any will be made, for enabling men who evince special aptitude for the higher departments of scholarship to utilize their talents, unless at the cost of their own means or of private liberality. Until our colleges have the power to develop and maintain merit of this kind, the system must perpetuate the general misdirection of talent, and drive men capable of intellectual eminence into money-getting pursuits. Thus our colleges, which ought to be the foundation of national culture and scholarship, can only serve, until they are remodeled, to repress them.

Very great difficulties must attend any effort at elimination. The feeblest of them would evince a surprising tenacity of life, and protest strenuously against being sacrificed, like the weaklings in a litter of puppies, that the vigor and efficiency of the sur-

vivors might be promoted. However delicately the execution were managed, it could not be divested of an ignominy to which no considerations of the public good could reconcile the victims. In the opinion of themselves and their subordinates, the petty eminence of every small college presidency and professorship is an honor worth as vigorous a struggle as an emperor would make for his purple. The operation must be disagreeable to perform, and attended with no little pain to the self-love of many worthy, if not very eminent, men. But it is only at such a cost that the scholarship of the nation can pass from puny, struggling infancy into robust, healthful manhood; and the short-lived annoyance would produce permanent advantages of incalculable value. In such a reform as this the college authorities, as we have said, can be expected to take no part but one of hearty opposition, and there is, unfortunately, no other quarter where the power resides but in Congress. That body, it is true, could not issue an edict withdrawing all college charters, but indirectly it might effect the same thing. By recognizing a small number of colleges as national universities, by endowing them with scholarships, by attaching immunities and honors to their diplomas, by various such expedients a transformation could be effected, slower of accomplishment, perhaps, but as sure as that whence came the national banks. While it cannot deprive existing colleges of the power of giving degrees, it could justifiably bring those degrees into such disrepute by exalting others to their exclusion, that no one would seek to obtain them or be imposed upon by their possession, and thus the redundant colleges would gradually settle to the performance of functions they are well enough suited to—the duties of preparatory schools. Of its own accord, however, Congress is no more likely to take early action in the matter than it is to appoint committees for preparing improved logarithmic tables or calculating new almanacs. This cannot be regarded as a misfortune when we recall its inability last winter to perceive that any benefits were derivable from an educational bureau that should maintain throughout the country a uniform and efficient system of graded public schools. The plan of consolidation should be deliberated upon and matured by some body representative of the alumni of the leading colleges, and the presentation to Congress of its outline should be intrusted to a committee of their number. The duty would be in many respects an unpleasant and invidious one, but there appears no other way to the acquisition of a creditable standard of scholarship, and there is none whose performance would entitle college men to more gratitude and honor.

TILTING SKIRTS.

MOST men like them; it is mere affectation to deny it. Else why do they attract such universal attention and engross such absorbed admiration? Moralists may say that such emotions are confined to the *triste* gamblers who throng Broadway corners with their pallid faces and precise costumes, and who have no employment of a morning for their bloodshot eyes except to feast them upon such scraps of loveliness as fortune sends within their rapacious ken. They may say they are confined to dapper gymnasts of counters, to grocers' apprentices, to spruce Wall Street clerks—in general, to the inexperienced, the thoughtless, or the prurient, who have not learned to restrain their lush imaginations, or who luxuriously give way to and revel in their erotic fancies. But such an explanation, satisfactory as it may be to the purists of optimism, will not hold water. It is unfounded in fact. The myriad eyes which are riveted upon pausing vehicles, unloading their bevy of fair ones, the longing regards which are fastened on the play-house stairs, the intense curiosity which focalizes near the pavement on a windy day, do not belong exclusively to the callow, the vicious, and the underbred. By no manner of means. Let us have the truth above all things and about all things, though the heavens fall. These self-appointed inspectors of symmetry and connoisseurs of beauty are quite as often of higher grade and less questionable breeding. They as frequently include gentlemen of mature age and professional pursuits. Among them may be observed lawyers of judicial note, brokers of

auriferous fame, merchants of green-backed solidity, gentlemen of leisure and yet of unimpeachable social position, and sometimes, since the truth must be written, gentlemen with whom the white cravat is an insignia of their cloth. Whoever passes through our principal streets any fine day, say at four in the afternoon, can see, if he uses his eyes, proofs strong as holy writ of the justice of our assertions. He will see that the generous opportunities afforded by fashion, aided by puffs from kindly Boreas, by muddy pavements, and by the mountainous steps of omnibuses, are enjoyed with avidity by the educated as well as the ignorant, by the old boys as well as the young ones, by learned doctors as well as laymen, by the great majority of the lordly sex, in fact, without noticeable distinction of class or condition. A thing of beauty, O Keats, is indeed a joy for ever, they all seem to sing, and since the darling women so bountifully afford us the delicious chance to gaze, why should we not gaze our fill and be happy! Jestings apart, there is no doubt but that plenty of fastidious as well as coarse-minded men have thoughtlessly fallen into the habit of enjoying in strangers what, were it the case of their own wives, daughters, or sisters, and it were brought before their own observation, they would certainly shrink from, mortified and offended. It must be admitted that it is distasteful to pen such a reflection; but we write of things not as we would have them, but as they are.

And is all this entirely shocking and demoralizing? Perhaps it is when too concretely considered; but abstractedly there is no reason why it should be so at all. That there exists an immense attraction about ladies' ankles is certainly no proof of a want of manliness in the community where it is observable. If a woman's delicacy is shocked by the idea of too free an exhibition, so far as her own case is concerned she has it under entire control, and there is no lack of horrid example to illustrate the enormity of the practice and to suggest infallible methods for its correction. On the other hand a pretty foot and a shapely ankle are indubitably strong attractions in a woman, and if she chooses to show them, she will assuredly never lack admirers to appreciate the privilege. There is nothing intrinsically more immodest in showing the lower limbs than in showing the upper ones, and as the latter are usually revealed without covering and the former are not, the distinction, if any, is on the safe side. Decidedly there is less suggestion of indelicacy even in a revelation extending to the knee than in the over liberal exposure of the bosom too often seen in society, and which fashion still appears to sanction. A nice foot and ankle well booted, and a rounded continuation well hosed, however attractive as we have seen them to be, do not convey, save to very morbid and unmanly imaginations, such significant associations as does the brazen revelation of those parts of the figure which most decent women, even of barbarous nations, have ever jealously veiled as the sacred symbols of maternity. No! such developments to a healthy mind are not entirely shocking and demoralizing. There is only danger that, like all pleasant, piquant, or slightly equivocal things, they may be carried too far—or, to be more exact, that the skirts may be tilted too high.

Excess in all fashions instantly implies vulgarity. In this one the remark is pointedly applicable. The mode at present justifies modest young women in a display of their pedal charms which five years ago would have been voted quite outrageous. But they should be cautious to avoid being confounded with those whom they blush to hear named, but with whom they are of a surety very apt to be confounded, when they bow to Dame Fashion too low and lift their petticoats too high. A crinoline was introduced in London last year called, if in our masculine blundering we mistake not, a patent adjustable jupon, which was intended to afford the usual advantages of extension and convenient support of skirts, while, by superior flexibility and other occult ingenuity, it "came in" to the figure on emergency, so as to prevent the alluring displays to which gentlemen seem so partial. But it did not appear to become popular there, and probably would prove to be no more so here—the ladies can best tell why. Perhaps the after way to bridle too lavish an abandonment to an enticing fashion will lie in that contraction of crino-

linian amplitudes for which, we learn, the despotic fiat has just gone forth. Still, when the skirts are narrowed, they may yet be drawn to an unseemly height; and here there seems no resource for those who love and respect the precious sex but to counsel them to good taste and moderation. We should be utter hypocrites were we to aver that we desire to do away altogether with the charming glimpses we have been accustomed to be regaled withal; and the ladies themselves would not for a moment believe it were we to say so. We by no means advise them to yield too much to puritanical intolerance or to utterly succumb to maiden aunts' invidious irony. Let enlightened reason and the judicious indulgence of their adorers be their guides by all means. Above everything, let no temptation seduce them to exhibit on any occasion soever dirty stockings or dragged skirts, for there is a bathos in this which excites the fury of every right-minded man. With these restrictive safeguards and suggestions, we will allow hereafter, to any lady whose years and physical development render the process a decent one, the privilege of raising her skirts to a height not exceeding one-fifth of that of her entire person from the ground. This we pronounce a regulation which can give offense to none of either sex or fairly liberal disposition, while it obviates the objection which always attaches to the sudden and arbitrary cutting off of any gratification to which the public has become accustomed. It is, therefore, promulgated as a celestial, imperial, and vermillion edict: let every crinoline tremble and obey.

RAILROAD MISERIES.

PASSENGERS appear to be regarded by the railroad companies as a species of freight which they are to transfer from place to place with as little damage as is compatible with economy. While, on the one hand, their animate condition obviates the necessity of rendering them the individual assistance which other goods receive, on the other, it is insufficient to insure them those amenities which in ordinary social life are considered the due of humanity. It is almost incomprehensible that a community which, in its homes, its private vehicles, its places of public assembly, is accustomed to so much luxury, should have found no way of escape from the primitive barbarism that characterizes its railway travel.

Such conveyances as are in vogue on most of our railroads would be discreditably to the civilization of Timbuctoo. It is superfluous to dwell upon the squalor and dilapidation generally observable, when the most favorable specimens are inherently so bad. Under the best circumstances, the traveler is placed upon a rigid and comfortless seat which affords him no room for a change of position. He is helplessly exposed to the glare of the sun, or to a combination of draughts which can only be controlled by the associate action of a number of persons to whom his individual comfort is a matter of no sort of interest, and which disport themselves in the unbroken sweep of a long car like the seated in the caverns of *Eolus*; in summer he is as if seated in a hot-house, in winter as if in a refrigerator. If next the aisle, he is thumped by the preternatural bundles with which ancient ladies burden themselves; he has his hat knocked over his eyes by persons enthusiastically scuffling after the vacant seat ahead which they see another party making for as vigorously from the opposite door; he has water spilled upon him by sanguine people who endeavor to carry tumblerfuls to lady companions; he is compressed by the man who sits upon the arm of his seat in order to talk to the man in the adjoining one; he must at intervals jump up to avoid being rained or blown upon by closing the door which conductors and other restless creatures either leave unlatched or slam with a crash that overwhelms sensitive nerves; his ears are rent by newsboys and peddlers, apparently selected for their vocal capacity to compete with the locomotive whistle; he experiences, in a word, every unhappiness and degradation the liveliest imagination can conceive. The condition of parties that enter trains elsewhere than at their starting point is ordinarily hopeless. Those which take the precaution of securing seats half an hour before departure can remain together. Those which take the cars at points between the termini are in-

evitably scattered. Ladies are sundered from their escorts, wives from husbands, children from parents and from each other. They are forced to share the seats of creatures of every degree of offensiveness; to sit with men busied in forming pools of tobacco-juice, with men who go to sleep and fall upon them, with women who heap bags and parcels over them, with people who smell pestilentially of spirits, of onions, like old bank-notes. They are called upon to maintain conversation in shrieks with loquacious persons of every degree of obtrusive vulgarity and blatant ignorance. They are expected to associate on terms of equality with a race of beings of whose existence they would prefer to remain unaware. And no precautions can obviate this. No reasonable expenditure of money, no ordering of seats in advance, can secure privacy. Comfort, health, decency, must all be imperiled by whomsoever ventures upon a railway train. This condition of things exists upon roads which competition has driven to a comparative regard for the comfort of travelers. On those which have no rivals—notoriously in the case of the infamous New Jersey monopolies—it is immeasurably worse. On such trains but a portion of the passengers can find any seats, and the majority of them are placed in filthy, unwarmed, unventilated conveyances in the last stages of decrepitude. The aspect of the region appropriated to smokers is in these instances inexpressibly depressing. It is usually a den in an obscure corner of a baggage-car, capable of holding about a fourth of those who seek entrance, thronged with standing smokers, and used, moreover, as the receptacle for intoxicated persons, negroes, and such others as are held to be unrepresentable elsewhere, and not unfrequently largely filled by the laborers and employees of the road, by whom the more endurable seats are engrossed, to the exclusion of passengers who have rightfully purchased their use. On all roads, furthermore, there is a scandalous want of some police system more efficacious than the expression of universal indignation which a flagrant violation of decency will sometimes draw from the passengers. It is frequently the case that a careful of ladies is insulted by the presence of men in a revolting state of intoxication, or by disgustingly blasphemous or indecent conversation; and for this there is no more reliable remedy than the interposition of the conductor when he may next chance to make his appearance. Mere brakemen, of course, are not the proper persons to act in such emergencies, and passengers ought not to be called upon to do so. It is, therefore, a gross delinquency in the companies, by their own policy, to expose their passengers to indignities without providing them adequate means of protection.

It is notoriously futile to urge ethical considerations upon corporations of any description. It is almost as hopeless to seek to incite the much enduring—we are loath to say, pusillanimous—American public to an efficient protest against the insults it every day quietly pockets at their hands. It is equally idle to look—as the incumbent of the *Easy Chair* of *Harper's Magazine* appears to do—for the growth of a popular chivalrous sentiment, which shall secure ladies respectful and considerate treatment when traveling in public. Indeed, the evidence of himself and his correspondents rather goes to show that such chivalry is on the decline. Amelioration must come in an entirely different manner—in the way in which it has been effected elsewhere. To have one standard of excellence and one rate of prices for all railroad accommodations is as foolish as it would be to have the same thing in all hotels, forcing visitors to pay equally whether they occupy a garret or a private parlor, or seating civilized persons beside beings who bolt their food and ignore forks, butter-knives, and salt-spoons. In short, the traveling public should get all that it pays for, and pay for all that it gets. There is no reason in requiring people who are indifferent how they travel to pay for conveniences suited to persons who are fastidious on the point; none in assessing those who travel without baggage equally with those who have half-a-dozen Saratoga trunks. So, too, whoever desires to smoke, desires a luxury for which he should be willing to pay a reasonable additional charge, in order to do so in a com-

fortable manner. It is only by paying somebody for the trouble that adequate provision for the general convenience can be secured. And there is no doubt that any company which would undertake the matter would be handsomely paid. Let companies buy from the railway corporations the right of attaching cars to their trains, as sleeping-cars are now attached. Let them provide cars divided, on the European plan, into compartments which would insure privacy and comfort, and in which every one can secure as many seats as he will pay for in addition to the ordinary railway fare. That there are enough people sufficiently disgusted with the boorish barbarity of the ordinary car riders to make such an enterprise highly successful, has been sufficiently shown in the case of a few roads in New England and the West where it has been tried. Every one traveling with ladies, every large party objecting to promiscuous intrusion, every one unwilling to lose the half-hour's loss of time or the crush and scramble necessary to secure seats, would gladly pay for seats of which he may be sure, and which, by ordering them in advance, he can find ready for him as he enters the train at a wayside station. Perhaps—as Providence in its wisdom has without a purpose created nothing, however useless or obnoxious it may seem—the mission of the railroad peddlers, newsboys, barbarians, drunkards, mendicants, may have been to enrich the enterprising though mercenary philanthropists who shall provide suffering humanity with a refuge from their presence.

HISTRIONIC CHARLATANRY.

It would seem, if certain dramatic managers could have their way, that the connection between Thespis and charlatanry, the association of the arts of simulation and misrepresentation, was to be as perennial as the stage itself. There is no surer mark of a provincial and uneducated community than when managers find it necessary or advisable to indulge in habitual rhodomontade about the character of the wares they wish the town to purchase. If the public once gets to thoroughly understand that such nauseous hyperbole can only have its source in the most contemptuous estimate of the public's intelligence, the offense would be less frequent and the community would be less provincial. The ridicule which artists themselves almost invariably lavish upon the New York audience after their backs are turned upon it, would be a most wholesome corrective if a little of it could only be dispensed in advance. There is no doubt that humbug is frequently wedded to popular amusements in European cities, but the pill is usually a trifle more delicately prepared than with ourselves. Room is left in concocting brazen announcements for some remote possibility of meeting educated eyes and encountering discriminative criticism. The assumption of leaden-headed stupidity and fatuous ignorance on the part of an entire population is not quite so flagrant and undisguised. There is, too, some variety of treatment in dealing with different orders of entertainment which may presumably appeal to different classes of culture and discernment; some light and shade and play of distinction, for instance, in laying on the colors for learned seals and fat women and in adjusting those for the higher order of lyric and dramatic performances. Managers here do not seem to find it needful to treat their patrons (or artists) with any such superfluous delicacy; they sound the hautboy for their shows, no matter of what degree, with the same indiscriminate and robust energy, and a calf with two heads has about the same chance at their hands as a singer like Grisi or an actress like Ristori.

It is a misfortune that persons having charge of public amusements should be so often men of little education and coarse manners. If such positions were filled by gentlemen—not pinchbeck gentlemen with snobbish clothes, greasy countenances, and extensive bibulous capacities—but men of culture and breeding, fit to introduce to a drawing-room or to sit down to dinner with, they would not make the blunder of underrating the intelligence of their patrons in a manner so grossly impertinent as now seems to be the custom. It is not alone the regular advertisements of these gentry of which we complain. The puffs which they inspire for "editorial columns," and

which the proprietors of newspapers unwisely allow to appear, infinitely surpass their advertisements in nonsensical twaddle. How supremely ridiculous, for instance, the lately detailed inventory of an artiste's trunks, hat-boxes, and other appurtenances, as if the public cared or ought to care whether there were six or six hundred of such articles, or as if they had the slightest bearing upon the merits of the performer herself. How ineffably toadyish and sickening are the minutiae of laces and trimmings and ornaments which the artiste happened to wear when she went to sit for her photograph or to take an airing in the Park. And—more offensive and silly than either—how incredibly childish are the accounts of the actress expressing startled amazement and outgushing admiration for the unprecedented and stupendous wonders she saw in Broadway! Now, Broadway is in some respects a very fine street, but is it to be supposed that any American who has a head on his shoulders and who permits himself to use it can really believe that a lady beyond middle age, whose life has been passed in the great capitals of Europe, would be likely in good faith to burst into such follies as these, and which the daily press thus credits her with emitting? Madame Ristori is no child, and she is, or has been, a very good actress; but it is asking a great deal too much to ask the public to believe that she pours forth such naïve absurdities as these in sober earnest, or without laughing all the time in her sleeve at the provincial ignorance which can swallow and be delighted by them.

The practice of bringing artists across the Atlantic when in their *decadence* and when the European field is presumably exhausted for them, may be justified as a commercial speculation; but New York is surely getting to be sufficiently a metropolis to be spared the continuance of those petty and contemptible tricks to spread their notoriety which have already brought ridicule enough and to spare upon American taste, and which have brought imperishable fame—of a peculiar kind—to the name of Barnum. We should very much like to see—and we are quite sure all conscientious artists will echo the aspiration—a new system obtain, when people who act as middlemen between audience and performers would content themselves with putting the latter before the public in a simple, straightforward, and tasteful way, advertising largely if they choose, but abstaining from the Cheap John charlatanry which they are now so absurdly addicted to. Let the public see and judge for themselves, for it is as true now as ever it was that good wine needs no bush. The cultivated intelligences who should and, after all, *do* give the law to the crowd are simply disgusted and repelled by a practice which assumes their stupidity and ignorance as immutable foundations to build fame and profit upon. The old tricks may do very well for Peoria or Pumpkinville Center; let them be reserved for the exclusive delectation of those classic localities. If New York has not yet outgrown their necessity she ought to have done so, and it is quite time she began. The reign of humbug has been over long protracted; we shall be very glad to hail, and to do all in our power to encourage, those who may be disposed to inaugurate a new and purer dynasty of good taste and common sense.

A PAPER ON CHATTERTON.

IN the year 1776, on Monday, the 29th of April, the great Dr. Johnson and his biographer, Mr. James Boswell, arrived at Bristol, where the immortal "Bozzy" was "entertained by seeing him inquire upon the spot into the authenticity of Rowley's poetry." This inquiry was prosecuted under the guidance of "George Colcot, the pewterer," and in his company the famous lexicographer, albeit scant of breath, journeyed to the tower of the ancient church of St. Mary's to gaze upon the chest within which the manuscripts were alleged to have been found. Heavily and wearily the doctor labored up the long stairway, in silence we may infer, for he was fat and short-winded, until at last the enthusiastic Colcot—a brisk fellow he must have been—pointed out in triumph the spot where the dusty parchments were said to have been deposited by their putative author, and with which the ill-fated Thomas Chatterton had journeyed up to London. Standing before the chest, while the doctor wiped his face and the ir-

repressible Laird of Auchinleck looked on with the keen vision of a reporter, the enthusiastic pewterer, earnest, as we may suppose, to uphold the fame of Bristol, delivered himself as follows: "There," said Colcot, with a bouncing, confident credulity, "there is the very chest itself!" Colcot paused; Mr. Boswell noted his remark, and then pricked up his ears to hear the Great Critic, who said, in his magnificent fashion, "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things." "Whelp" was a coarse and characteristic word, but the doctor, after all, meant it kindly; and so, without quarreling with the phrase, we pass on. When we glanced at the incident here mentioned, the thought occurred to us that if Dr. Johnson could take the trouble to climb a precipitous stairway simply to look at the chest so venerated by the honest pewterer—if, we say, Dr. Johnson, fat and clumsy as he was, could do this nearly a century ago, it may very well happen to-day that some of our readers may feel curious to hear a word or two about those poems and the "most extraordinary young man ever encountered by the knowledge" of the Behemoth of English literature.

This "marvelous boy," Thomas Chatterton, was born in November, 1752, in the dull and foggy town of Bristol. His birth was humble and his life unhappy, but, upon the authority of a multitude of cultivated minds, his name has been received not only as the synonym of unparalleled wretchedness but of splendid genius—a genius before which the precocious light of Pope's pales its fires and the early effusions of Cowley are forgotten. His education, such as it was, he obtained at a charity school, and his first lessons were learned in a black-letter Bible. This seeming trifle is especially valuable, for there can be little doubt that this accidental circumstance suggested his extraordinary imposture. In all minds imbued with poetic sensibilities there is implanted a profound love and reverence for the antique. In youth, such minds are essentially imitative; and these two recognized truths justify us in attributing the method of his literary fraud to the effect exercised on his imagination by the quaint text of the first book in which he studied. His was the very fancy to be fascinated by the long ago; and, indeed, the past is filled with shapes of transcendent glory. A strange splendor illuminates that which is remote. A great aureola crowns the majestic forehead of that which was; and it is only in the maturity of a poet's power that he realizes the full meaning of the highest canon of his art—that all life, all history, all time, the present as well as the past, are imbued with epic dignity and the majesty of truth. Assuming, then, that his imagination, true to the rule we have mentioned, was warmed and captivated by the pomp of the antique; assuming that his imitative faculties were first called into action, for we imitate before we create; assuming that the grim black-letter Bible over which he pored at the charity school gave to Chatterton the suggestion, or the rudiments of the suggestion, on which he built his splendid fabric of romantic poetry—let us seek in another phase of his unhappy life additional reason for the brilliant imposition which he attempted. In his fourteenth year (1766) he was bound apprentice to a scrivener. Our inference is plain. In this position he acquired the penman's art necessary to enable him to reproduce the calligraphy of a bygone age. He became familiar with musty parchments; he made himself master of an almost obsolete phraseology; he thumbed old books; he moved and lived and had his being in an atmosphere purple and glorious with the heavy shadows and rich lights of the past, which, like a stained cathedral window, dyed the pictures which he saw. This natural turn of his mind had been cultivated by a study of history and antiquities. He was a dreamer of dreams, a rebuilder of things that were, a frequenter of ancient churches, and his heart was parched within him by ambition. With high hopes of fame, based on self-knowledge, which had, alas! no adequate knowledge of the world to inform the poet, he turned to the field of letters to achieve renown. The question was not in his mind as to the probabilities of success: he only held counsel with himself as to the most speedy means of achieving it. Some of his letters written from London, before his dreams were

broken in upon by the awful presence of want, are pathetic witnesses to the fact that he saw before his eyes a brilliant destiny. With the certainty of success before him, with buoyant trust in his own powers and fatal belief in the immediate appreciation of his genius—the question with him was simply by what road he should attain his object. We have already glanced at the probable influences in obedience to which he shaped the plan on which he acted. To these we add a third. Considering, as he did, the shortest road to his object, considering the obstacles in the way—all of which hope, that cruel flatterer, told him he was to surmount—his extreme youth naturally suggested itself to his mind as the chief, if not, indeed, the only impediment.

To obviate this what plan better than that on which he acted? To his narrow experience and bold spirit the scheme seemed unexceptionable in its promise of immediate success. It was for success that he panted; to attain it he would drop his identity, he would create another name, and when that name was linked with praise, then he would avow the deception—then he would reap the reward, then he would be famous. The idea was in itself attractive. It was full of excitement. It was to him a poem. Having determined to make himself a name; feeling, as all great minds do, a consciousness of power—having fallen upon the mode to be adopted, an opportunity was not wanting for a trial of the experiment. In 1668 a "new bridge" was opened in Bristol, when Chatterton, then sixteen years old, published a description of the ceremonies which had taken place when the "old bridge" was first trodden by the feet of passengers. This account professed to be taken from an ancient manuscript. Here we find him beginning his career on the fatal theory whose natural growth we have endeavored to explain. Close upon this he gave currency to many similar impostures. Now it was a long pedigree going back to the days of William the Conqueror; presently it was a curious blazonry in heraldry. These quaint documents professed to be remains of the "gode prieste Thomas Rowley," a pious monk who flourished in the fifteenth century, who wrote, in his day and generation, within the walls of that venerable church which Dr. Johnson, Mr. James Boswell, and Colcot, the pewterer, visited on Monday, the 20th of April, in the year of grace 1776. His success at first was great. His performances excited general curiosity, and he accounted for the possession of *Rowley's Poems* by offering the same explanation which befuddled the wise critics in the case of the pious fraud of the *Amber Witch*. The story was simple. They were found by his great-uncle, who was sexton to St. Mary's church, in that mighty chest which the pewterer had pointed out with such ado to the great lexicographer, long after the death of the unhappy Chatterton. In this chest the apocryphal "prieste" had stored his precious manuscripts. The story was as straightforward as a pike-staff. So great was the curiosity excited by the unhappy poet's imitations, that Sir Horace Walpole called upon competent judges to assist him in determining the authenticity of some of these ingenious compositions. The result of this critical examination is known to all of us. They were solemnly pronounced forgeries, and Chatterton (less lucky than Doctor Meinhold) suffered his first bitter mortification, though there was not wanting even so late as 1776 one believer at least in the *Rowley Poems*, in the person of honest Master Colcot, the pewterer. It must ever be lamented that the hard-headed and hard-hearted man who detected the cheat did not recognize the consummate genius of its author, and take him under his patronage. But this was not for Chatterton, and so two years after his stately description of the long procession of "fryers" passing over the "old bridge," he journeyed up to London, bearing with him his precious manuscripts, rich in the strange inventions of his wonderful young brain. In this journey and its tragic results posterity has found a cause of quarrel against Walpole which will never end. Friendless and alone, the youthful dreamer went to the great, tumultuous city. Here we have the old story; hope deferred, ambition blasted, pride galled, bitter penury, abject want, and at last an awful death by his own rash hands. On the 27th of August he went up to London to compel success; in April,

1770, there was an inquest held at the "Three Crowns," Brooke Street, before Swinton Carter, Esquire, and the body of the dead subject of the inquisition was the body of Thomas Chatterton, poet. He had lived at the "Three Crowns" only a few months previous to the commission of the rash act, but in that brief space what a long, long agony had been concentrated! We can fancy that the eyes of Swinton Carter were humid; that the gentlemen of the inquest were sadder men as they heard the melancholy story which the witnesses had to tell of the proud lodger who died alone and by his own hand in that great city.

Mary Angell was the first witness who testified of that unhappy matter: deceased came to lodge with her eight or nine weeks before his death; deceased was wretchedly poor; at one time when he had paid her all the money which he had in the world, she offered him sixpence back, which deceased declined to take. Alas! is it not for ever to be lamented that the opulent Sir Horace could not find it in his hard heart to extend something of the kindness which Mary Angell offered Thomas Chatterton? It was his custom to sit up till a late hour—at times all night; and in those dreary hours what thoughts must have been his? He lived upon bread and water, one loaf frequently lasting him a week; and there is much more of this testimony to the same purpose. Sad, sad, bitterly sad, was the evidence taken by Swinton Carter, coroner, at the Three Crowns, Brooke Street, over the dead body of Thomas Chatterton! Thus ended his short career. He left poems which amply vindicate his right to the elevation which has been awarded him, and it must always be lamented that in his despair he destroyed the manuscripts with which he had hoped to pave his road to fortune.

Among the poems which remain, the noblest is the *Execution of Sir Charles Baldwin*, which in its just insight into the springs of human action shows that he was possessed of powers as precocious as they were wonderful. Chatterton has been accused of infidelity and intemperance; but his poems abound in allusions which contradict the first charge, while the testimony before the coroner shows that at the Three Crowns his habits were unexceptionable.

The story of his unbelief cannot be credited by any who have read his noble poem beginning

"Almighty Framer of the Skies;"

nor is the tone pervading his other "remains" consonant with this statement, for do we not find them imbued with the tender and reverential spirit of true Christian piety?

Whether we have given a better solution of the causes which combined to suggest his attempted impositions on the public credulity than that offered by Wharton, our readers must decide; but upon this all agree, that his genius, unfettered by quaint and obsolete forms, would have flown a nobler flight had he written without the shadowy "prieste" at his elbow, and avoided the crooked path which led to his destruction.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S LAST HEROES.

"NEW foes with an old face" was the second title of one of Mr. Kingsley's novels, in which was depicted the character of Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, who, as regards the use of will and strength, was perhaps a prototype of Governor Eyre, of Jamaica. At a banquet given to this latter worthy some days ago, at Southampton, by a few of his admirers, Mr. Kingsley has reversed the title, and found a new face for some of his old foes. In *Alton Locke* Mr. Kingsley took up the cause of the chartists, and dealt good sturdy blows at England's misgovernment, the stronghold of which was then and is now in the House of Lords. In *Yeast* the inferences that were only too plainly suggested were not more complimentary to the nobility. Now, however, whether because he is one of her Majesty's chaplains and on the road to a bishopric, or whether success in literature has had its too frequent effect of inducing a sympathy with that class which is above such success, he perceives that the peerage is something higher, better, more sacred than he ever imagined. Awed and inspired by the presence of three earls at the very table at which he had been sitting, he broke out in such a strain as this: "Whatever be the faults and virtues of the House of

Lords, it was second in value and sacredness to that most sacred of all institutions—monarchy itself, only." Now, either Mr. Kingsley had taken too much wine at that "cold collation," or he attached some peculiar signification to the term sacred, for we can hardly suppose it from excess of modesty that he allowed his own order—the church—to rank third or perhaps even lower, for apparently Gov. Eyre was the third most sacred institution that he was then considering. At all events, we see a conception of the English nobility radically different from any Mr. Kingsley has hitherto shown us. We wonder whether the laboring classes, who have supposed their interests dear to Mr. Kingsley, will regard his as sober words, and think with him that the cause of the people is less sacred than that of the aristocracy. The next sentence of Mr. Kingsley's speech shows us in what way this idea of the peculiar holiness of the British peers has come to him: "They represent to all the magnificent idea that cannot be very well defined, but which was called 'chivalry,' and exemplified in the words 'pluck,' 'spirit,' and in a dozen other names." We had supposed that in "Hereward" Mr. Kingsley had carried his worship of muscularity to its greatest extent. We were unaware that its apotheosis in the shape of a "sacred peerage" had yet to come. The ancestors of some few of these peers in the days of feudalism had been brave and noble knights, had showed pluck and other good qualities. The sons of them, even of those who derived their descent merely from some favorite of a James or some mistress of a Charles, had been educated at public schools where the outward appearance of chivalry had been instilled into them, and at universities where the idea of honor did not include the payment of one's debts unless they related to horses or cards. Therefore pluck is hereditary with the British peerage, and pluck "having its seat in the bosom of God," the happy possessors of this divine quality are sacred. This may be muscularity, but it is not Christianity. Mr. Kingsley's conception of chivalry is as absurd as his admiration for pluck. He gets all his ideas of it from the middle ages, and from those knights who, relying on their own personal prowess, were able to defy their equals, and to oppress at their good pleasure the vassals that feudalism had committed to their protection. The *haute courage* of which he makes so much account was not so noble a virtue; it originated in a desire to bully one's rivals as well as one's dependents. Generosity was hardly a part of it; and truth only so far as falsehood implied timidity. Pluck is, in its way, a very good thing; but pluck is with many Englishmen an euphemism for obstinacy, for which the modern heroes of Mr. Kingsley have been particularly noted. And another reason of the great power of the British aristocracy is "that it adopted into its ranks all the genius, all the talent, all the virtue, and he was afraid a great part of the beauty of the country." How kind of Mr. Kingsley to allow that there were some pretty women in England among the commoners. He had granted the lords everything else, and was gracious enough to allow the poor middle classes something besides trade. Of course the truth of this cannot be questioned. It is, of course, untrue that only three literary men have ever been raised to the House of Lords, and that for their political influence. All things which pass under the names of genius, talent, and virtue among the middle classes are probably only feeble imitations. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning are fair verse-writers, but they have no talent. Miss Nightingale is a woman who has affected philanthropy, but of course cannot be compared to the Earl of Shaftesbury. Some few geologists and travelers have been knighted, because geology is fashionable and travel exercises the muscles; but that is all. As to beauty, the days are past when pretty girls are married by peers, unless their wealth at least matches their beauty.

Governor Eyre had "pluck, enterprise, hardihood, temper, endurance, foresight, and skill," because he had walked seven hundred miles around the Gulf of Carpentaria, and, therefore, he necessarily showed all these in his suppression of the Jamaica mutiny. As to that conduct of his which had been so maligned by the ignorant blacks whom he had protected, Mr. Kingsley "took that on trust." "If they gave up taking men upon trust, especially rulers and official

men, there would be nothing in the world but anarchy, which would be followed by despotism, and in due time by a big tyrant who would not take the people upon trust. He took Governor Eyre upon trust, and he was happy to see the members of the House of Peers present had also taken him upon trust." What such blind trust as this comes to we all know. The English have had a good deal of taking on trust: one of the latest examples is the trust upon which they have taken their Board of Admiralty, until they find that they have no reserve fleet, and that the state of their navy is such that it would be impossible for England to match herself with any great naval power in case of war. We can readily understand and believe in taking upon trust a man who enters upon new duties with a fair record of the past. But after that man has proved himself inefficient, after he has unjustly and unnecessarily put to death hundreds of innocent people, after he has been dismissed from his place as the result of a thorough inquiry, and censured by a vote of the House of Commons, can such a man and his conduct be taken on trust? As soon take Caligula on trust when making his horse consul, or Nero after all his atrocities. Trust is faith, and Mr. Kingsley means that because Governor Eyre is a good pedestrian and a skillful explorer, and a protector of blacks in Australia, therefore we should entirely disbelieve all the legal evidence of the atrocities in Jamaica, and put utter childlike, blind faith in him, and hope, as he does, that before long Governor Eyre will reach that earthly heaven, a seat in the House of Peers.

It is difficult to convey any adequate idea of our impressions on reading Mr. Kingsley's after-dinner speech. Although we have deplored for a long time Mr. Kingsley's tendencies, and his wanderings from his early professions, yet we were not expecting such an apostasy as this—such blind worship of the god Strength, of the goddess Credulity. We can imagine how shocked many will be who still retain a soft feeling in their hearts for the apostle of muscularity, and who have borne with his follies for the sake of the good which his books have done. Many will find that they have been bowing to an idol of clay and stone, and hero-worshippers as they are—and as all men to some extent should be—they will refuse to lift their hats to these last and greatest heroes set forth in all their charms by Mr. Kingsley—Governor Eyre and the British peerage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 8, 1866.

MR. GROVE'S inaugural address before the British Scientific Association, of which he is the president this year, reveals the fact that the prying into the moon which recent astronomers have been conducting have been remorseless. The man in the moon has been the subject of all kinds of familiarities. It is, I believe, an old belief, which finds some sanction with Dante, that the man in the moon is in reality no other than Cain, who, for killing his brother, has been placed there with a bundle of thorns bound on his back and piercing his shoulders. This theory accords to a certain extent with that of the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, who has proved that Cain's offense was not a case of murder but of manslaughter, since he (Cain) could not have known by experience or observation what a murder was, or what would be the effect of a severe blow. He was, therefore, transported for life. According to Dante lunacy afterward supervened. But there is another old theory of the man in the moon; and that is, that he has a big telescope by which he is able to scrutinize this world more closely than his own abode is scrutinized, and that the result of his observation of human affairs is to transfix him with amazement—which accounts for his motionless attitude. If that solitary individual does indeed look down upon earth just now there is no wonder that he is paralyzed with astonishment at what he sees. Suppose, for example, he should look down merely upon the little segment of earth called Great Britain at this moment, would he not conclude that it is moonstruck? Suppose he should have seen on Monday last a solid quarter of a million of people blocking up the streets of Birmingham; shouting after two men riding in an open coach, as if they were gods; listening to speeches and passing resolutions of vehement protest; and suppose he should know that all of this excitement was to settle the profound question whether those men should have any

voice in directing a government that depends on them for support! Suppose he should know that there are five millions of grown-up men in this island strongly kept down, and excluded from all political existence, by less than one million. Suppose he should see the plank paling which now for two miles surrounds Hyde Park, and learn that it is the trace of an attempt by the people of London to enter a park where every acre is adorned and protected by their own labor and money; but from which a few, who wish to use it to show off their fine turn-outs and horsemanship, have resolved to exclude them, if they come for any purpose more grave than to lounge and watch the said turn-outs and horsemanship. But these would not be the strangest nor saddest sights he would see. Let us hope that Cain—if it be he—is spared the sight which we see, and which would remind him of his own crime, of a committee—on which are the honored names of Carlyle and Ruskin—obtaining subscriptions for a testimonial to be presented to a man who has recently arrived in this country from Jamaica, and whose sole distinction is that his hands are red with the blood of men, women, and children ruthlessly slain by his order! Kingsley's name we need not wonder to see on such a committee; he has gone "to his own place;" but the friends of Carlyle and Ruskin had hoped to be spared further humiliation in this direction, and were for some days vainly hoping that it may prove that their names have been added to this committee of sympathy with a man whom even the slow English government has recalled and condemned, without their knowledge. Is it not strange—a sign of moral chaos—that two old friends and intellectual peers like J. S. Mill and Thomas Carlyle should, in a case involving a plain principle, be arrayed on two different committees—the one formed to bring Gov. Eyre to trial as a criminal, the other to offer him gifts as a hero? Surely the times are out of joint. And now we have also another case. Edmond Beales, for his ardor in defending the right of the working-man of England to the franchise, has been counted by the lord chancellor unworthy to hold the office of revising barrister of Middlesex, which he has long held and filled with ability, and has been dismissed therefrom—this being the first case of open political persecution which has been known in England for a quarter of a century. A committee has been formed to raise a testimonial for Mr. Beales, which will place him in a far more independent position than the many years' receipt of the thousand dollars which his salary each year has given him could have done. But all these things are signs of an alienation and almost hatred arising between the privileged and the unprivileged classes of England, profounder than has existed for many years. The indications are that this alienation is growing more bitter and personal every day, and that it may presently lead to some very wild and lamentable results. The Birmingham meeting was the greatest and most significant that has occurred in the history of England. Its effect has been felt from one end of the kingdom to the other. John Bright, but a few years ago the leader of a forlorn hope, has now become a king with millions around his throne. *The Times*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and other journals which opposed the last reform bill, now plainly admit that the determination of the people is as plain as it is irresistible, and that another session of Parliament without a reform bill is impossible.

I witnessed a novel and very impressive scene the other evening at the Olympic—or as it is called now, Tom Taylor's—theater. It was announced that the play of *Othello* would be performed there, with the character of Othello rendered by a negro from Philadelphia—Mr. Morgan Smith. Mr. Smith had never found in America a theater willing to admit him to its stage. He has only of late arrived in England, and this was but his twentieth appearance in any theater. That he should appear on any London stage was a formidable ordeal under such circumstances. The theater was well filled, and it was strange to see the most fashionable row of seats in it occupied by a well-dressed and, by general agreement, decidedly good-looking array of colored people. Amongst these was Ellen Craft, the celebrated fugitive slave who escaped some fifteen years ago from Macon, Ga., in the disguise of a Southern gentleman, attended by her husband, William Craft, who acted the part, in that very real drama, of her (his) body-servant. There were with her two handsome mulatto women. Then there was the Rev. Sella Martin, his wife, and her cousin, who would both be called anywhere very handsome brunettes. There were two or three others. These ladies in their rich opera-cloaks were a parterre of African beauties such as one scarcely sees, and on this occasion attracted the opera-glasses of the fashionable audience almost as much as the actors on the stage. Mr. Smith's appearance in the make-up of the Moor was most admirable, and he

was received with a round of applause. Never was there a man on the stage who more perfectly looked the character he was about to represent. And when in addition to this he showed that he was a complete master of the grand Shakespearian conception; when from first to last he gave the most chaste and finished readings, never ranting, never at a loss; when with new electric movements and tones he kindled and thrilled those present in a way which, in the present decadence of the Shakespearian drama on the London stage, none had dared expect, his triumph was complete. From first to last he moved the entire assembly with him; again and again the house echoed the plaudits and bravos; and when the curtain fell he was called before it by the most deafening and long-continued applause. So great was the success that the manager announced amid cheers that he had then and there made an engagement with Morgan Smith to continue his representations. It is even said that the Olympic and Sadler's Wells are to have a lawsuit for his services. I risk nothing in saying that the most distinguished theatrical success in London at the present moment is that of the Philadelphian negro, whose whole training has been obtained in the negro-galleries of theaters in his native city and in Boston. A friend who has seen Ira Aldridge, the negro who has been making such a stir in St. Petersburg and other cities of the continent, assures me that Morgan Smith has far more dramatic genius, and will be a greater man in the end. It has always been my conviction—formed from a long personal acquaintance with negroes in the Southern States—that the negro race has very important artistic gifts, and particularly that they have great dramatic qualities. There is at this time another American negro in London training for the stage for whom great things are predicted.

The London *Standard* has for a long time been noted as the largest, dullest, toriest newspaper "in the world," and the public have long since accepted the name which *Punch* gave it—"Sairey Gamp." Since its party came into power the *Standard* has made a desperate effort to rise in the world; and though it still is editorially a Slough of Despond to any adventurous Christian who attempts to read it, I am bound to agree with the rest of London that it has got hold of a foreigner in Prussia who writes very clever letters from that region, which has now by a single leap become the center of the world in point of importance and interest. From this correspondent I will quote a little to-day. The first extract relates to the past, and concerns our interest in the two greatest men of their age, an interview between whom it describes. It purports to be—and manifestly is—from the lips of an old German diplomatist. Here it is in full:

"It was in September, 1808. The 103d Regiment of Infantry of the French army was marching off the Castle of Erfurth and its band was playing martial airs. The town was full of foreigners, anxious to contemplate the features of Napoleon I., who had at his side the Emperor Alexander, and was escorted by the Kings of Saxony and Wurtemberg, the Grand Duke Constantine, the Prince William of Prussia, etc. The streets and places were all alive. The Emperor Napoleon was returning from a great review, and among the resplendent uniforms you would have noticed a civilian past the meridian of life, who wore the modest court dress. He ascended the principal staircase side by side with Marshal Lannes, who introduced him to the chamberlain of the day, with these words, 'By the Emperor's order, Monsieur de Goethe.' Five minutes afterwards the great poet of Germany was in the presence of Napoleon. His Majesty was breakfasting at a large round table covered with letters, maps, and books. Ministers and members of the household were in the room. Goethe bowed profoundly. 'Is your name Goethe?' briefly asked the Emperor. Goethe bowed again. 'How old are you?' 'I am sixty, sire.' 'What tragedies have you written?' '*Iphigenia*, *Egmont*, *Torquato Tasso*.' 'Yesterday you saw my theater, what do you say of my players?' 'An admirable ensemble, an extraordinary harmony in everything.' 'I am glad to know that my actors are liked in Germany. *Mahomet* was well performed, but the play is unnatural, false—utterly false.' 'I have translated *Mahomet*.' 'Indeed! that is to say that you do not agree with my criticism. I have read your *Werther*. You are the manager of the theater of Weimar?' 'Yes, sire.' 'I should like to see a performance by German actors. The day after tomorrow I will visit with the Emperor of Russia the field of battle of Jena; thence I shall go to Weimar. Tell the Grand Duke that I wish to see his theater. Talma and Duchesnois will go too. Duroc! The marshal advanced. 'How are things going on in Poland? I have heard nothing satisfactory from Soult. Make a statement concerning its population, pecuniary resources, crops, and means of subsistence for an army corps of 80,000 men. Monsieur de Goethe?' 'Sire.' 'What do you think of Talma?' 'He is a sublime artist; he is the incarnation of tragedy.' 'Would you like to make his acquaintance?' 'I should be delighted, and—' 'Stay. Talma is in the habit of coming to see me every day after breakfast. Talleyrand?' 'Sire?' 'Come this side. I have received from Fouché a report not over flattering for you.' The Emperor went into the recess of a window and spoke with animation to Talleyrand. Then the chamberlain an-

nounced the King of Wurtemberg. 'I regret—important business—I will have the pleasure to see his Majesty the King of Wurtemberg this evening at the theater,' said the Emperor. 'The actor Talma!' 'Let him come in. Lannes, I shall review to-morrow the 44th and 163d of the line. Place in the second rank the Private Giraud, of the 6th company of the 163d. He was at Marengo in the 32d brigade; I want to speak to him; he shall have the cross. The troops shall be in the field dress; the review is to take place at five o'clock. Talma, what is your programme for this evening?' '*Cinna*, or *Andromacus*, or *Britannicus*. Your Majesty has only to order, and—' 'No; I wish to see the *Death of Caesar*. Good morning, gentlemen.' And Goethe and Talma withdrew."

Here is a story of the present, and one particularly adapted for American consumption:

"Ah! ah! so soon back from your visit to Tahiti, captain; what news from those quarters?" said the lively countess to a tar of the French navy. 'Almost nothing; only a concert given in the island of Hervey by a company of Alleghanians.' 'Oh! do tell me all about it, dear captain. What country is Hervey; who are those Alleghanians?' 'The island of Hervey is one of the finest of the Cook Archipelago. The Alleghanians are American artists of a turn essentially migratory, and they gave a concert at Hervey. The king of the island, Makea II., honored with his presence that musical solemnity, the receipts of which were 78 pigs, 98 turkeys, 116 hens, 16,000 coconuts, 5,700 pineapples, 418 bushels of Adam's apples, 600 pumpkins, and 2,700 oranges. The Alleghanians only play upon bells of different sizes and sounds. The islanders were amazed at that music, and seemed not to regret in the least their pigs and hens. The king, Makea, rose to enthusiasm. When the last notes of the *Norma* march were dying away he complimented the musicians, placed his hand upon his heart, and swore that he would never forget them.' 'Polynesia is no doubt a charming country,' sighed the countess, 'but it is not Paris.'"

The next is a capital story which shows that A. Ward's patent does not extend to the continent of Europe:

"You know that the Empress Eugenie, when lately at Nancy, received the municipal authorities of the province. You know, also, that the Prince Imperial was with her Majesty. The mayor of a small commune was anxious not to withdraw without having addressed a gracious word to the young Prince. 'What is your age, my Prince?' said he. 'I am ten,' answered the Prince. 'So young, and already the son of the Emperor of the French!' exclaimed the mayor with great emphasis."

American statements are not standing quite so high just now in Europe as American securities. That Captain Fox amidst all the ovations and discussions to which his ocean voyage in the *Miantonomah* gave rise should have been silent as to the fact, since learned from America, that that monitor was towed across the ocean by wooden ships, has filled the public with astonishment. One journal is reminded by the fact and the captain's name together of another fox, which having lost its tail tried to cover the misfortune by inducing others to follow the fashion. Skepticism once started begins to spread. Another journal now raises a doubt whether that tiny vessel the *Red, White, and Blue*—now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace as the smallest that ever crossed the ocean—really did cross the ocean. It is, says the skeptic, impossible but that it would have been swamped, and surmises that it was taken on board of a big ship as soon as it got out of sight of land, and launched again just before it reached the English Channel.

I regret that I cannot report any literary activity this week. I fear that English authors are getting as lazy as American. It is the dullest season that has been known for many years—for which the cholera and some other things may be thanked. It is naturally considered a good time to issue the two hundredth thousand of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, which that philosopher once told us came forth from his "vexed bowels." Moxon & Co. have just issued it in a "Bijou Edition," which is dedicated by permission to Mr. Gladstone in token of long friendship.

The Longmans have given us a more important work in *The Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*; Edited by George W. Hastings, LL.B., General Secretary of the Association. Mr. Hastings's selection is a good one, and has papers on the law of bankruptcy, by Mr. Moffatt, M.P.; on parliamentary elections, by Thomas Hare, the great champion of minority representation; on the repression of crime, by Frederick Hill, W. L. Clay, and Mary Carpenter; on the education of girls, by Rev. F. D. Maurice; on unhealthy occupations and contagious diseases, by Drs. Hall, Milroy, and Angus Smith; and on the famillistry in Guise, France, by George Godwin—besides other interesting papers.

If your readers would like to be able to trace intelligently the historic and political development of the great questions which are now agitating the European continent; if they wish to study them separately and collectively as bearing upon a great epoch of transformation, let me say to them that they cannot have a better guide

than Mr. Grant Duff's *Studies in European Politics*, which Messrs. Edmonston & Douglas lately published. Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., is one of the most careful writers in England, and this book—which treats of Spain, Russia, Austria, Prussia, the Germanic Diet, Holland, and Belgium—though written before recent continental changes, is for the most part illustrated and reaffirmed by these changes. Trübner & Co. publish a forcible little book on *Catholic Orthodoxy*, from the pen of Dr. C. J. Overbeck, in which the author declares that the orthodox do not love "the Bible, but their Bible," and prophesies for the churches "death" as the result of "insulation"—i. e. (as I understand it), as living for the advantage of a particular church rather than for the universal religion. Caudwell publishes, from the pen of Professor Newman, a paper entitled *Considerations for the Educated concerning the Drink Traffic*.

I close this letter with a piece of interesting gossip which, if it turns out true, will indicate that England means to make not a military but a matrimonial conquest of the world. That the King of Greece has proposed for the hand of the Princess Louise is now the accredited rumor. It is said, also, that Mr. Gladstone, who is to start at once for Rome, will, at the request of the Queen, extend his visit to Athens and reconnoiter the said King and his environments. M. D. C.

A HOMEWARD BOUND BREEZE.

LAKE SUPERIOR, STEAMER KEWEENAW, September 14, 1866.

"By moonlight and starlight" our stanch craft speeds onward—on from the agate shores of Superior—away from the sway of the forest and the melodies of waterfalls—on from the silence of the prairie to the hum of the town—on to the blest castle of memories and hopes—onward and onward to our home! It was grateful to drift away from the rust of routine—to quit the paths familiar—to catch the dreamy inspiration of a far-away land of legend—to look in new faces—to follow new habit—to listen to new theories of life, and to receive the greetings of universal kinship. But it is doubly welcome to feel the sails filling with a homeward-bound breeze—to take up again the links of old acquaintance, and the everyday method that has become the music of life; in fact it is best of all to find ourselves anchored to the spot and the friends that have longest and best known us.

How much to recall! What forests grand, what gorges wild, what mirrored lakes, what weird, romantic life, what shimmering of moonlight through the trees that swung and swayed above our island and inland camps! What sunlight on the waters answered by golden sunsets over the hills, what adventures and voyages, what crystalline air and storms terrific, what rains pouring upon us from log-cabin roofs, what lightnings lurid crashing through the forest darkness, what delicious quiet, removed from the clamor of the world, and best of all, longest to be remembered and oftenest to be recalled, what hosts of new friends!

"By moonlight and starlight" our good craft speeds on. And while we are writing these last words of our summer wanderings, looking backward upon the shadows of the Huron hills and forward to the rapids of the Saut Set. Marie, we can almost hear the sounds of the grand heira that is taking place from Newport and Saratoga, Cape May and Long Branch. Homeward press the people, weary of hotels and narrow quarters and country dullness, and hungering for a fresh excitement and the pomp of the town. There are some away yonder in the forests and among the mountains, some who will wait for the autumn tints and glories before they return. But the majority of the summer tourists are homeward bound. Already the north winds blow too cold for enjoyment over the White Hills and along the sands of Hampton and Mount Desert. So the history of another summer is fully garnered into "memory's golden urn." There have been mysteries under the stars and on the water that shall not be forgotten.

"Till the moon grows old and the stars grow cold,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

Little legends have been graved upon many a beach, the letters of which nor storm nor wave shall efface. Ten thousand friendships have been formed which will make as many lives green with the freshness of a perpetual summer. Glorious are these trips for pleasure, weaving as they do so much of new-found joy into the web of life.

"Tis sometimes natural to be glad,
And no man can be always sad
Unless he wills to have it so."

There are, indeed, very many who "will to have it so." But those who do not, find something more than a "natural gladness" in the inspiration of varied travel, seaside musings, and mountain grandeur.

We stood a few days ago upon the banks above the

beautiful, but almost unknown, Black River Falls in northern Wisconsin. No poet has ever sung their beauties, and few persons, even in the surrounding country, have known of their existence. The leaves of the trees were already richly colored, and for twenty miles away we looked down upon a mighty forest. We cannot describe to others the joy we felt at the grandeur of the scene, but to us this day will be most memorable of the summer now ended. And so will nearly all summer wanderers return with some golden recollection that will be a joy for many a month to come. How delightful if all these experiences could be brought together in one memorie sketch! Would that we could bring back with us more of the romance and freshness of the summer! A few days of town life sweep away so many dreams of wondrous beauty and bring us down again to the dull monotony and round of daily toil.

"If leisure is—but ah! 'tis not—
'Tis long past praying for, God wot;
The fashion of it men forgot,
About the age of chivalry."

"By moonlight and starlight" our good ship sails on—
onward to our home! Soon we shall be beyond the charm
of these dreamy rhapsodies—back again face to face with
the bitter sweet. Some things may be forgotten, but
not all. Not the days that have given us new ideas of
life and beauty. Not the thoughts that have been born
of grandeur and majesty, and, most of all, not the new
friendships formed nor the faces that we have passed
along the way which have led us to stop and look long-
ingly, wonderingly after.

"For there are looks and tones which dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that moment caught
Some treasure it through life had sought.
As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then."

C. H. S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A LITERARY BUREAU.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: There was an editorial in the number of THE ROUND TABLE for August 18 headed *Literary Needs and Perplexities*, and I, *cum multis aliis*, have often been perplexed with the needs therein detailed. "Writers want publishers." Yes! and where or how can they find them? THE ROUND TABLE admits that there is not an entire, but only an "almost insuperable, difficulty of communication between producer and purchaser," and suggests a plan which would supply the desideratum. Not only is there needed a medium of communication with the public for brief poems or prose—not proxy articles through popular periodicals—but how is one to get published, say, a volume of essays or of poetry, or "a book of travels all over the world"? "Kissing goes by favor," and there is everything in a name; there is magic in a well-known author's name; but THE ROUND TABLE knows, for it reminds us of such, who may offer their wares to any publishing house of the upper ten in literature, but they are invariably bowed out, albeit politely, which *mode*, of course, we expect in circles of *polite* literature.

I know a case in which a gentleman, whose fugitive pieces have for years appeared in popular periodicals, and who, contemplating the issue of them, with others, in book form, wrote a letter of inquiry with regard to the terms of publication to one of the principal houses in Boston, without sending a specimen; but the long-delayed reply amounted to this subterfuge—that "the house was too much engaged to undertake the publication;" by which I now understand, as THE ROUND TABLE says, that "often the writers and their articles get to the wrong publisher."

Now, the suggestion for the establishment of a "literary agency" is to the point. That is the one thing needed for bringing together authors and publishers, such agency implying a committee or bench of literary judges to examine MSS., and condemn and discard or, approving, "designate their appropriate destinations." I have been in vain waiting to see a response from the *literati* to those suggestions. Cannot, or will not, THE ROUND TABLE, from its prominent literary position, take the initiative in the matter, and show how such an association can at once be inaugurated? The payment by applicants of a fee from two to ten dollars would be willingly made. I speak from certain knowledge gained from circles where this subject has been discussed.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen;" and how many young authors probably deserving fame may live and die neglected because they have not the necessary knowledge to enable them to get on the right track,

or whose means are too limited to venture, unpatronized and unpiloted, on the sea of letters, and who know not how to get their productions submitted to the test of the critic's divining rod, which might at once detect evident or latent genius.

The insertion of this communication among your correspondence may help to keep the important subject before the minds of your readers and secure the attention of the literary public, or all whom it may and doth concern. Very respectfully,
A COUNTRY PARSON.
SEPTEMBER 6, 1866.

THE STUDY OF LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your enumeration of elementary law studies last week you inadvertently omitted one of the most suggestive and valuable text-books of them all; one that stands side by side with Blackstone and Kent, if not entitled, in some respects, to take precedence of both. I refer to *Bouvier's Institutes of American Law*, in four volumes octavo, by the late Judge Bouvier, of this city; a treatise that achieved upon its first appearance, a few years ago, an instant and universal popularity, based upon intrinsic original merit, that promises to be as enduring as the science of which it treats. It presents law in the concrete, crystallized into the clearest and most compact form—with all extraneous and irrelevant matter eliminated—upon a system of rigid analysis and classification that furnishes a comprehensive range of information within a comparatively small compass, and no waste of precious time, and that is much more apt to beget a severely logical habit of mind than the discursive style of lectures.

It is now out of print; but a copy of it can be found in almost any well-furnished law library. A new and revised edition is understood to be in course of preparation by Mr. George W. Childs, but the probable date of its publication has not been announced. I have called attention to this work from no other motive than to benefit professional law students, or general readers, who would rejoice to be piloted to so rich and valuable a mine of legal lore.
H.

PHILADELPHIA, September 12, 1866.

THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Your correspondent "F. S." in his communication, printed in your issue of September 22, is in error with regard to the institution referred to by him as the Royal Hibernian Academy. That institution is one devoted exclusively to the fine arts, corresponding, in fact, to the Royal Academy of London and the National Academy of New York. The collections described by "F. S." in his interesting letter are deposited in the Royal Irish Academy, an association devoted chiefly to the preservation of Irish antiquities, manuscripts, and documents relating to the history of the country. The mistake originated in the letter of your Philadelphia correspondent, "R. S. M.," published in THE ROUND TABLE of August 18, and there it was evidently a *lapsus calami*, because "R. S. M.," who is thoroughly informed on the subject of which he was treating, first speaks of the institution in question as the "Royal Hibernian Academy," and subsequently refers to it as the "R. I. Academy."

C. D. S.

New York, September 22, 1866.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

THE origin of international law is to be found in the principles of justice applicable to the reciprocal relations of states. It is not written in any code, nor can it be authoritatively laid down in statutes by any law-making power. Even judicial interpretations cannot be held to be controlling as precedents, because there is no tribunal which can adjudicate between sovereign states except when two contending sovereignties amicably submit to arbitration. He who would write a treatise, then, upon international law, must take for the groundwork of his dissertation those eternal principles of truth and justice which require no argument to sustain them, but which carry

* *Elements of International Law*. By Henry Wheaton, LL.D., Minister of the United States at the Court of Prussia, etc., etc. Eighth edition. Edited, with Notes, by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., LL.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1866.
Elements of International Law and Laws of War. By H. W. Halleck, LL.D., Major-General, etc. Prepared for the use of colleges and private students. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.

upon their face conviction to all reasonable persons. These principles he will apply to each subject as it rises before him in a calm and philosophical spirit of judicial inquiry, and illustrate them through the media of the writings of those who had gone before him in the path which he is traveling, detecting and carefully pointing out all departure from principle which he finds in those writings; noticing the practice of nations in similar cases, and eliminating from all these materials the true rules.

Such a task requires intellectual qualifications of a high order. The mere assumption of the duty is in itself an assertion that the person undertaking it has thoroughly mastered all that has previously been written on the subject, and that he is fitted by his training for the discussion of the varied subjects upon which he is about to treat. He places himself in a roll of distinguished names, and asserts that he rightfully belongs to such a company. But the writer on international law labors under depressing circumstances. His writings are at most addressed to the few, to the many his words or even his name will never be familiar, and he can hardly hope in his own lifetime to reap the reward of his efforts by finding that he has achieved fame. That international law needed a commentator from an American point of view, cannot be disputed. The part which the United States has been called upon to play in the family of nations is no mean one, and there was so much in her position and in her growth that was entirely new to the nations of Europe, that it was essentially necessary that a distinguished American publicist should arise to discuss questions peculiarly American, and lay down rules applicable thereto. It has long been a rule in the interpretation of international law that, while great force is to be given to the opinions of all the text-writers of acknowledged authority, the writer of a particular nation is to be used in discussions with that nation with more than ordinary authority when his opinions bear against his own country. We feel perfectly satisfied with this rule. The more Mr. Wheaton's work is understood, the more it is studied and its teachings of thirty years ago applied to complications of to-day, the more it will be valued. It is of acknowledged authority now not only in America but in Europe, and but recently a translation has been made of it into the Chinese language for the use of the government of that country. Our jurists had already attained a high degree of fame abroad. Kent and Story are quoted in the English courts as freely as Chitty or Sugden, but for the purposes of illustration rather than as authorities; but Wheaton is quoted not only, but used as a guide in every state in Europe.

Discussions of vexed questions of international law can hardly ever be said to result in the elimination of any particular doctrine at the time when they take place; so that, generally speaking, the principles contended for by the advocates on either side are rarely definitively settled during the consideration of the particular case which calls them forth, and the case itself quite usually turns upon something entirely foreign to the subject matter of dispute, to enable the distinguished advocates to retain their own opinion still. This, perhaps, is a necessary incident in the working of a refined system of law, which has no positive power to sustain its judgments, and no executive authority to carry out its decrees, but the whole force of which rests on enlightened public respect for the immutable teachings of truth and justice. Public opinion is the jury of the international law court, and before it nations will not long continue to transgress.

It thus happens, however, that disputes respecting questions arising between nations are not settled until long after the pleading of the advocates is silent for ever. The war of 1812 grew largely out of the attempt made by Great Britain to maintain the right to take her subjects out of American vessels on the high seas. This right was asserted under circumstances which failed to give it even the color of justice. It was exercised in time of peace and as a mere police power of the British nation acting under its own municipal law. This ground was, however, afterward abandoned as untenable, but the right was asserted to exist as an accessory to the belligerent right of search. Now, the right of search is a right existing under the

law of nations, which authorizes the cruisers of a belligerent power to board and search the merchant vessels of neutrals, to enable them to ascertain whether or not the neutral vessel is engaged in lawful commerce or is aiding the enemy. This right is undoubted. It is one of the fundamental axioms of international law. But it is only for the purposes of international law that it is allowed. The search must be conducted solely with the view to determine whether the neutral vessel is engaged in infractions of the law of nations. Now the English claim was, that if during such a search subjects of the crown of England should be found on board such a vessel she could lawfully remove them. This doctrine was combated by the United States with stern resolution, but although the United States declared fifty years ago that henceforth they would not tolerate the doctrine, yet it was never formally disavowed until the celebrated *Trent* case settled it for ever. And, strange as it may seem, this is really the only point of the law of nations that the *Trent* case did settle; a point, too, that few supposed to be involved in it. It will be remembered that Captain Wilkes stopped the English steamer *Trent*, in the year 1862, and exercised over her the belligerent right of search. He found on board of her two citizens of the United States who were prominently engaged in the rebellion then existing—Mason and Slidell. These men were accredited as commissioners by the rebel authorities to foreign governments, and were proceeding on their way to present their credentials. Captain Wilkes took the men, and let the vessel go on her way. A demand was immediately made by Great Britain for a disavowal of the act of Captain Wilkes and the return of the prisoners, avowedly upon the grounds that the United States had no right to take from under the neutral flag its own citizens for any reasons whatever. Here was a distinct and solemn, but the first, disavowal on the part of England of the legality of a practice which she had persisted in against the protests of the United States and in the face of war. It for ever settles the doctrine that the belligerent right of search must be exercised only for its legitimate objects under the law of nations, and that it cannot be made a pretext for exercising rights which are not such under the law of nations, but are rights only by virtue of municipal law. The other questions, as to the right to stop contraband persons as well as contraband things, and the right to stop dispatches of the enemy to its agents abroad on board of a neutral trading between neutral ports, were not decided by the controversy, and were left in the same uncertainty as they stood before the case arose. The United States asserted very strongly that the carrying of commissioners from one belligerent to foreign countries, under the circumstances of the case, was an unneutral act, which would have justified the seizure of the *Trent* and the adjudication of the question by a prize court; but, as Captain Wilkes had not seen fit to bring in the *Trent* in order that a prize court might obtain jurisdiction of her, the point could not be settled by competent authority, and the act was disavowed and the prisoners released. Here the case might have closed, but the British Government were unwilling to accede to the doctrine laid down by Mr. Seward, that the carrying of the obnoxious persons was an unneutral act, and closed the controversy by a protest against that doctrine. The difficulty in arriving at a thorough solution of the case arises from its peculiar circumstances. Were the belligerent powers the United States and France, and the obnoxious personage a commissioner or ambassador from France to Mexico, charged with a mission dangerous to the United States, and for the purpose of instigating the Mexican government to attack the United States, the case would then be one that could be dealt with upon more thoroughly defined principles and illustrated by precedents nearly analogous; but even then it would not be without difficulties. There are strong grounds for asserting the principle that diplomatic persons are entitled to free transit through neutral countries, and there are cases which hold that their transportation under the neutral flag is no breach of neutrality. But then the question arises whether a person accredited as an ambassador by one country to another becomes really entitled to the immunities accorded to his dignified position by the law of nations until the

nation to which he is accredited seals his official character by accepting him. The country to which he goes has the right to refuse to receive him, and while it has that right it is not certain that he will become an ambassador. Perhaps this doctrine or assumption is too finely drawn; indeed, we do not hesitate to say that it is, and to avow that an ambassador once accredited by his own government is entitled to all the immunities of his office, for it is not to be supposed that he will be objected to. But the fact that we find such a doctrine anywhere laid down in the elementary books, illustrates and gives strength to the American view of the official character of Mason and Slidell. These men, it must be remembered, were not ambassadors known to the law of nations. The community which clothed them with an official character was outside of the operation of international law. Being unrecognized, it could maintain no diplomatic relations with other countries, and, consequently, could not make an ambassador. They were emissaries of rebels in arms against lawful authority, and had escaped through the lines of a blockading fleet with the avowed purpose of proceeding to England and France to aid the rebellion by purchasing ships of war and military stores. Under these circumstances the captain of the neutral vessel takes them on board and carries them on their way in direct disobedience of the proclamation of his own sovereign, wherein all persons were forbidden "carrying officers, soldiers, dispatches, arms, or military stores for the use of either of the contending parties."

But strong as the case was for the United States, and ably argued by Mr. Seward as it was, we believe that the act of Captain Wilkes cannot be justified by the enlightened principles of international law now current. We believe with Mr. Seward, and we rejoice that this case has settled it for ever as a principle of public law, that no cruiser has the right to take from the deck of a ship covered by a neutral flag any person whatever, no matter how obnoxious he may be. The true and only course to be pursued is to capture the offending vessel and bring her into port, to be the subject of legal confiscation if she be guilty of violations of the law of nations, or to be released and indemnified if she be innocent. If soldiers or other military persons of the enemy be found on board a neutral they may be made prisoners of war, but the vessel should be captured and adjudicated. Of course there are circumstances when necessity prevents the captor from taking his prize into port, but those cases are fully recognized and provided for. We cannot see why, if Captain Wilkes had the right to take Slidell from the *Trent*, the commander of an American vessel in the English channel would not have the same right to board the packet from Calais to Dover and take out Mr. Mason. It would seem to be a sufficient refutation of such a principle merely to state to what lengths it would lead us, and it certainly would lead us thus far if the doctrine of continuous voyage be depended upon. But, upon the other hand, we by no means pretend to embrace the contrary doctrine, that a neutral flag trading from one neutral port to another can carry contraband of war without molestation. Such a doctrine would lead us to just as absurd lengths in an opposite direction. But yet such a doctrine is contended for by a French writer of some authority, M. Hautefeuille. We are not prepared to say that it would not be a wise alteration of the law to have such a rule established, but we are treating of international law as it is, not as we may wish that it should be. If we make a rule that a vessel *bona fide* trading between one neutral port and another may carry contraband of war, it will simplify matters exceedingly; but at the same time it cannot fail to work injustice to one or other belligerent, for no matter how strictly and faithfully the government of a country may desire to maintain neutrality, there is generally a decided preponderance of public sentiment in favor of one side or the other. And this public sentiment is hard to rule. It will succeed in evading every restriction. Where the people are unanimously or preponderantly in favor of one side, they will aid and abet and shield that side, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government are exerted to execute the laws. Instances crowd upon us too numerous to cite; but we may allude to the fitting out of vessels in England in aid of the rebellion, and to the raid of the Fenians into

Canada. It will be said that the government did not want to interfere in either case, but we think that assumption can hardly be maintained. We know very well that in such infractions of neutrality as those we complained of on the part of Great Britain in the late war, the people who were engaged in them made use of every artifice and stratagem to avoid detection, and to insure secrecy and success. The infraction of the law is not looked upon by people generally as a crime, but on the contrary the officers of the government have the ungracious task of treating as criminal those acts which a large majority of their fellow-citizens consider to be not only not criminal but, on the contrary, commendable in a high degree. That such was the state of public opinion in England at the time of the fitting out of the *Alabama* we have every reason to believe; that such is the state of opinion here with respect to the Fenian movement we know, and we feel assured that were there one-half the energy and sagacity enlisted in the cause of Fenianism here to-day that the rebels had in Liverpool, our government would be perfectly powerless to prevent the sailing of any number of vessels that the Fenians could pay for. If we consider the resources which the rebels had in England, we will be surprised not so much that the *Alabama* and a few other vessels got to sea, as that many more did not follow them. It is true the Fenians have no such resources. The collections made at their occasional picnics and the regular subscriptions of their circles may amount to a few hundred thousand dollars, while our rebels had almost unlimited command of funds—at least to the extent of many millions. The effect of money is, we presume, pretty much the same in England as in America; and we are free to own that the principles contended for by Great Britain are those that we should prefer would govern this country in future contingencies. The damage done by the *Alabama* may have been great; but are we prepared to admit our responsibility in future for the depredations of any vessels, Fenian or otherwise, that may succeed in eluding our neutrality laws? We certainly should do so if we take compensation for the damage done by the *Alabama*. We would be binding ourselves for all time to prevent similar escapes, and to be responsible in money damages for any failure of that duty on our part. Already the House of Representatives, in a moment of extraordinary excitement, has passed a law in effect abolishing our neutrality laws. We presume that it was done purely for the purpose of obtaining a little cheap popularity, and that the Senate will not be so lost to all considerations of justice as to sanction such a measure. We must remember that by the law of nations we, as a nation, owe certain duties and obligations to other nations which we cannot evade; and that we, as a nation, will be held answerable for the proper discharge of those duties, totally irrespective of our own municipal laws. If we willfully put it out of the power of our executive to discharge the duties of the nation, by the repeal of those laws which heretofore have been found to be effectual for that purpose, we are deliberately breaking international law and giving just cause for war. It is true that the temper of the British people towards us during the rebellion was one that we felt aggrieved at sorely, and it is true that we suffered severely in consequence of that temper. It is also true that a large majority of our people look on the Fenian movement with hardly concealed satisfaction as a perfectly just application of the doctrine of *retorsio facti*; but the United States government cannot, must not, lend itself to countenance any such doctrine. We must do our whole duty, whether other nations have done theirs or not, and the principles we contend for we must be ready to apply against ourselves.

We hope to see international law more the subject of study than it has been among our people. The abridgement of Halleck just published is admirably adapted to the use of colleges and academies. Mr. Dana's edition of Wheaton we can recommend to the general reader as a book of most absorbing interest, while to the profession or to scholars generally recommendation is not needed. Mr. Dana's notes are numerous, lengthy, and exhaustive. Those on the subject of the Monroe doctrine, extradition, piracy, the *Trent* case, and prize jurisdiction and practice, are particu-

larly noticeable, as containing clear and precise statements of cases arising within the last few years, treated in a manner which we think is fully imbued with the spirit of the great writer whose works they annotate. We predict great popularity for this edition of Wheaton. It is not open to the numerous objections which Mr. Lawrence's edition was subjected to. It is thoroughly American in its tone, and while it treats all the questions in an entirely fair and impartial manner, it is perfectly apparent to the reader that Mr. Dana was not an advocate of the right of secession and had no sympathy with the late rebellion.

We understand Mr. Lawrence complains that Mr. Dana has used his notes while disclaiming having done so, and that it is likely there will be legal proceedings thereupon. We decline to enter into the merits of the controversy. We think it will be better for Mr. Lawrence to decline doing so too. If he thinks himself fitted as an expounder of international law, and has a large amount of material on hand, why not give us a new and original book? It would be much better for Mr. Lawrence to do so than to persist in interpolating his peculiar ideas upon Wheaton. If he is indeed a great man, let us have the evidence of his greatness in a book of his own, which will stand or fall on its own merits, and will not, as we feel certain has heretofore been the case, depend upon the juxtaposition of his name with that of Wheaton for any consideration which it attained. Mr. Dana assumed the task of preparing this edition at the express request of the personal representatives of Mr. Wheaton. It is to be presumed from this fact that Mr. Lawrence's services as an editor were not acceptable to them. Of course, it is natural that the latter gentleman should feel hurt, but we think that true dignity would assert itself more fully by silence than by a captious attempt to fasten a quarrel upon his successor.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Frederick the Great and his Court. An Historical Romance. By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her Daughters. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.—Since Sir Walter Scott's invention of the modern type of the historical novel, romances of that school have not only been among the most successful candidates for the popular favor, but they have in a measure disarmed the opposition of those most inimical to fiction *per se* by the amount of instruction they convey and the interest they are calculated to create in historical topics. For a second time Mr. Mühlbach has written an admirable work of this kind. His first novel, *Joseph II. and his Court*, was greatly admired on its appearance in Europe, which, unfortunately, was during our war, and the work, as translated in this country, being only republished by a southern house, is scarcely known by American readers. Like most historical novels, the present volume can lay little claim to rigid historical accuracy. The appearance of the old King Frederick William in the earlier chapters gives, indeed, a picture of that truculent royal brute which we take to be as faithful as it is graphic. As to Frederick the Great, however, our author, like all others who write about him, seems to be dazed by the glamour which his historians have thrown around his character. This is idealized to an extravagant degree, and his very selfishness and ingratitude are distorted into heroic attributes, after the manner of Mr. Abbott's rendering of Bonaparte. His abandonment of the dissolute associations which gathered round him before his accession to the throne is also made to redound to his boundless honor, as to that of Henry V. before him, albeit the dividing line between heroism and shabbiness is difficult to trace.

A representation at once more instructive and entertaining than that of the king is given of his court, with its intrigues, small jealousies, and treacheries, and its parasites of every degree. The rare attribute of freshness marks even the treatment and dénouement of the various love episodes which constitute whatever of plot the book possesses, as well as the retribution that overtakes several amusingly preposterous manifestations of small ambition.

So readable a book should have fared better in re-

spect of translation. Mrs. Chaudron, of Mobile, who rendered the author's former work from the German in an admirable manner, had, we understand, almost completed this, but relinquished it on learning that others had essayed the task. The present version, besides being mechanical, and frequently feeble in expression, evinces a perfect lack of discrimination between the uses of *shall* and *will*, and is occasionally marred by such blatant vulgarisms as "placing the plans . . . into the hands of his minister" (p. 306), and "it was her" (p. 428). The merits of the novel deserve the publication of the suppressed translation.

Guerre de la Sécession. Par Ferdinand Lecomte, lieutenant-colonel à l'état-major fédéral suisse. Tome 1; p. 228. Paris: Ch. Tanera. 1866. New York: F. W. Christern, 863 Broadway.—Whatever may have been the merits of the political questions at issue between North and South, there is no doubt that their treatment by the majority of writers on the subject, from the first days of the rebellion to the present time, has been so unfair and one-sided that it served only to flatter the vanity of one party at the expense of the other, without conveying to the general reader any idea of the true sources of the political and social discordance. It is, therefore, with unqualified pleasure that we welcome the first volume of a work which the author modestly calls *A Sketch of the Political and Military Events in the United States, from 1861 to 1865*. To extensive reading, and a mind thoroughly capable of comprehending the causes which led to the contest, Monsieur Lecomte adds an amount of industry and skill in the selection of materials, a determination to avoid all idle speculations and to state fairly such facts as can be gathered from authentic documentary evidence, and a style so clear, simple, and terse, that his work may be considered a correct and, as far as his limits will permit, a comprehensive history of our civil war.

The first chapter is devoted to a geographical, historical, and statistical sketch of the United States, from the early settlement of the Spaniards in St. Augustine, Florida, down to the present time, and the second gives us a succinct account of the causes which led to the war.

"In 1620," says our author, "a Dutch man-of-war sold twenty negroes to some planters at Jamestown. These were the first slaves introduced into the colonies. Owing to the cultivation of cotton, their number was not slow in increasing. At the time of the treaty of Paris, in 1763, the colonies had a population of two millions and a half of inhabitants, of which one-fifth—that is, half a million, distributed chiefly throughout the South—were blacks. These played a not unimportant part even as early as the War of Independence, and both sides were occasionally compelled to employ them. The English Admiral Dunmore proclaimed freedom for all those who should take up arms for the royal cause, and such as were captured were emancipated and sent into Africa, to the colony of Sierra Leone, notwithstanding which liberality on the part of the British government in dealing with the slaves of foreigners, she put off the emancipation of her own until thirty years later." M. Lecomte, who treats so fairly every American question, cannot forbear a slight fling at his natural enemies.

The difficulties which the early framers of the Constitution had to contend with on the subject of slavery, the three clauses which guaranteed its continuance as a concession to the demands of the South, and all the several laws and enactments concerning it, are detailed on the authority of state papers; Chief-Justice Taney's decisions in the Dred Scott case are given in full; and, with the several arguments for and against high tariffs, and a brief statement of their results, the second chapter concludes.

Detailed accounts of all the proceedings which are of such recent date as to be fresh in the minds of our readers occupy several chapters, and are given with an accuracy and clearness which will alone suffice to render this book of great value to Europeans for future reference, and by no means useless to ourselves.

It is not an easy matter to follow up and understand all the movements of the contending armies; but our author's education and experience as an officer of high standing eminently qualify him for the task, and his criticisms upon all those who played a

prominent part in the struggle are given with caution and sagacity. After describing the march towards Richmond along the picturesque banks of the Pamunkey, of which he speaks in glowing terms, he says:

"It is but just to Americans to say that they accommodate themselves to camp-life better than other nations. Their habits of locomotion and colonization, their life in the far West, the constant transportation of large bodies of emigrants on the march across the prairies, and the nomadic life which a number of their officers formerly led among the Indians, rendered them more fitted for the position to which they were called than the soldiers of other nations could possibly have been. The vast encampment of a hundred thousand men who pitched their tents from day today presented a curious spectacle, seeming almost to realize some of the descriptions we find in the Bible; but, unlike the patriarchal times, large fleets of transports, for the most part steamers, came barking and puffing along, forming temporary wharfs on the banks of the river, where immediately the greatest activity prevailed. Thousands of wagons started in every direction over hitherto untrodden roads, where the axe for the first time cleared an opening sufficient for their passage, and returned laden with all the provisions requisite for the army: biscuit, salt meat, coffee, sugar, corn, oats, etc."

The sick, who were becoming daily more numerous owing to the rains and heat, which engendered so much malignant fever, were embarked by nightfall on board the transports, and on the morrow flotilla and army were again on the move."

Monsieur Lecomte adds:

"We acknowledge candidly that a less skillful commander-in-chief than McClellan, who often erred in giving his adversaries credit for as much prudence and ability as he possessed himself, would have been better suited to the exigencies of the situation, to the views and wishes of the government, to the feelings of the people, and to the requirements of the brave and patriotic volunteers. His sole idea was to maneuver an army of regulars—an army similar to those of Europe; such an aim was impossible of accomplishment, whether owing to the force of individual habit or from the effect of the liberal and republican institutions of a nation which did not yield readily to military exigence, especially when required to act on the offensive."

The appendix to the first volume contains some valuable papers, among which may be enumerated: the constitution of the United States of 1787; the ordinance of 1787 relative to the government of the territory of the United States situated northwest of the Ohio river; the declaration of independence of South Carolina; the ordinance of secession of the state of Alabama; the speech of Alexander H. Stephens, in the Georgia legislature in 1860, with an extract from his speech before the convention in 1861; a complete list of the regiments composing the army of the Potomac on the 1st of March, 1862—with the names of all the officers, etc.; and three well-executed maps. There have been books without number written by politicians, by partisan soldiers, and by journalists who have given accounts of our civil war more or less tinted by the colors of predilection or party rancor; that of M. Lecomte is perhaps unique in being that of a professional and highly accomplished soldier who is also possessed of a judicial mind and an unclouded judgment.

The Blind Princess. By the author of Opposite the Jail, etc. Boston: Henry Hoyt.—This is a little volume intended for children, and, unlike many books intended for children, it is not altogether puerile and silly. There is a reasonably probable plot, a natural sequence of incidents, an unexceptionable moral, not too much cant, and some scenes of decided merit and interest. All these in a book which constitutes one of a series of juvenile religious works chiefly meant for Sunday-schools, are features as unusual as commendable. The scene of the story is laid in Germany, and it reads like a free translation. A little girl, who is in fact a princess, daughter no doubt of some one of the petty potentates recently despoiled by the relentless Bismark, is stolen in childhood, and falls into the hands of tramps, one of whom, with infernal cruelty which is painful to dwell upon even in fiction, puts out her eyes, in order to drive a more profitable trade with the sympathies of the benevolent, and is afterwards burned to a cinder in a blazing barn for his pains. Poetical justice is thus administered, and the blind princess is ultimately restored to her bereaved home and sorrowing parent. We could scarcely manage to have the interest which surrounds a princess for such tales were the scene laid in America, but, in other respects, it would be a good thing if stories as well written, for its caliber, as the *Blind Princess* could be put together for our little ones, with the scene laid in or near their own homes. The

lessons thus inculcated have more weight—are more effectively realized—when the names and places which are incident to the narrative are familiar to those whose imagination and moral sense are thus to be conjointly appealed to and instructed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- ALEXANDER STRAHAN, London and New York.—Days of Yore. By Sarah Tytler. Vols. I, II. Pp. 501, 495. 1866. Vignettes. Twelve Biographical Sketches. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. Pp. 448. 1866.
Woman's Work in the Church. By J. M. Ludlow. Pp. xvii., 317. 1866.
The Higher Education of Women. By Emily Davies. Pp. 191. 1866.
CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—Doctor Johns. Being a Narrative of Certain Events in the Life of an Orthodox Minister of Connecticut. By the author of My Farm of Edgewood. Vols. I, II. Pp. 300, 295. 1866.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Frederick the Great and his Court. By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German, by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her daughters. Pp. 434. 1866.
The Office of the Holy Communion in the Book of Common Prayer. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D. Pp. 354. 1866.
MOHRN & EBBE, New York.—Retaliation. Pp. 116. 1866.
JAMES S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia.—The State of the Church and the World at the Final Outbreak of Evil, and Revelation of Antichrist. By the Rev. J. G. Gregory, M.A. With an Appendix by Mrs. A. P. Joliffe. Pp. 256. 1867.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—The Metric System. By M. Lamotte. Pp. 37. 1867.
T. B. PETERSON & BAOS, Philadelphia.—Married at Last: A Love Story. By Annie Thomas. Pp. 228. 1866.
F. J. HUNTINGTON & Co., New York.—The Sunnyside Glee Book: A Collection of Secular Music. By Theodore F. Seward. Pp. 112. 1866.
HENRY HOYT, Boston.—The Blind Princess. Pp. 220. 1866.
PAMPHLETS, ETC.
H. H. BANCROFT & Co., San Francisco.—Epidemic Cholera. By John F. Geary, M.D. Pp. 54. 1866.
NICHOLS & NOYES, Boston.—Music—The Way to Study it. By E. B. Oliver. Pp. 32. 1866.
We have also received The Fourteenth Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of New York; The Catholic World, Vol. IV., No. 19; Harper's Magazine, No. 197; The Galaxy, Vol. II., No. 2; The Medical Record, Vol. I., No. 14; The Eclectic Magazine, New Series, Vol. IV., No. 4—New York.

ART.

ART NOTES.

A LARGE cartoon, executed in crayon by an artist named Franz Venino, is, or was a few days since, on view in the office of the *Staats Zeitung*. This work is entitled the *Last Moments of Carthage*, and the scene depicted by the artist is the irruption of the Romans into the citadel of that ancient stronghold. The composition is filled with varied groups, and the general conception and treatment of the subject is of the severe or high art character. The picture is drawn and handled with great firmness and vigor, and we should be glad to see it placed in some public gallery where it could be viewed to more advantage than it can be in its present position.

AN artist named Hughes has lately exhibited in London a picture commemorative of that awful calamity, the destruction by fire of the cathedral of Santiago de Chile some two years ago. Mr. Hughes was long a resident of Santiago, where he practiced as a portrait painter, and his thorough acquaintance with the features and citizens of the place, aided by written descriptions of the calamity, has enabled him to produce a picture of it which is stated to be both striking and truthful.

MR. W. WHITTREDGE has just returned from a tour to the countries along the Rocky Mountains. He traveled with General Pope's expedition, remaining with that party through the whole of the route. They were not molested by the Indians, although they must have traveled very close upon the hunting-grounds of the Apaches and other hostile tribes. The country is described by Mr. Whittredge as being very grand and picturesque in its features, and we may look for some transcripts of its scenery from his pencil.

MR. GIGNOUX has lately finished a glowing landscape, embodying a composition of Alpine scenery—snow-capped mountains, a sapphire lake, and jagged pines growing among picturesque rocks. He has also in hand an autumnal scene of *payage* among the mountains of Vermont.

MR. W. H. BEARD, who was Mr. Bayard Taylor's *compagnon de voyage* during an expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the early part of the summer, is again at work in his studio in the Tenth Street building. He has brought sketches with him from which striking pictures of the scenery of the far West may be expected. At present Mr. Beard is engaged upon a woodland subject which promises to be a very effective and poetical picture when finished.

MR. GILBERT BURLING, a young artist whose exhibited pictures of game and landscape subjects have displayed much ability, has lately returned from an excursion to the north shore of Lake Superior, where he has been collecting material for future pictures.

FEW studios have been better known to New York connoisseurs for a great many years past than those occu-

pied by Mr. Louis Lang and Mr. J. F. Kensett, in the Waverley Building, at the corner of Broadway and Fourth Street. The "up-town movement" is extending its influence to the most time-honored establishments, however, and it is the intention of these gentlemen to remove their art treasures, within a few weeks, to a new building at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway. Mr. George A. Baker is to have a studio in the same building; and Mr. Lang's arrangements will include accommodation for a school of painting for ladies, the prospectus of which was issued by him some time since. Mr. Lang has but lately returned to this city from an extended tour throughout the country.

MESSRS. WILLS, of London, have completed a model for the statue, in marble, of the late Richard Cobden. The statue, when finished, is to be placed at the entrance to Camden Town.

A BRONZE statue, ten feet high, from a model by Mr. Theed, has lately been erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort of England at Sydney, New South Wales. It is placed in a very conspicuous situation at the entrance to Hyde Park.

THE late well-known English painter, James Ward, R.A., has just been commemorated by a tablet from the chisel of Foley, the sculptor. This monument, which represents the Muse of Painting in alto-relievo, has been placed in Kensal Green Cemetery.

PERFECT reproductions of treasures of art which are in the original priceless will soon be attainable, on easy terms, through the new process of electro-metallurgy. The objects of art now produced by means of this invention are said to be very admirable, those exhibited by the Messrs. Franchi especially being in great request.

A COLUMN, surmounted by a statue, has been erected, at Strathfieldsaye, to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington. It is the work of Baron Marochetti.

MR. SIDNEY SMIRKE, R.A., has been chosen to superintend the building of the new Royal Academy, to be erected in the rear of Burlington House. The original plans for the building were designed by Mr. Smirke.

THE portraits of Sir Francis Grant are handled rather severely by the art critic of the London *Saturday Review*. That writer says that Sir Francis is addicted socially to the use of a good dash of gentlemanly slang, and that his portraits have generally a dash of the same spirit in them. He draws "odorous" comparisons between Sir Joshua Reynolds and the present head of the Royal Academy, whose lot, he thinks, has been too much cast among "fashionable" sitters to give him a chance of being anything else than conventional.

THERE are some clever pictures by Louis Lassalle now to be seen at Schauss's gallery. One of these, an interior, with "Little Red Riding-hood" and a glimpse of the wolf, is exquisite for color and handling. Another is a charming little snow scene, with a boy and girl carrying fagots, and a dog.

A PICTURE of plowing, by Carl Hoff, in the same gallery, is worthy of notice, although little more than a sketch, for the character displayed in the rustic figures and the mellowness of the coloring. Here also is to be seen a humorous picture by De Brackeleer, called *Civil War*—an interior, with an old man and his wife quarreling, and the furniture getting moved about without the aid of spirits.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

MR. L. F. TASISTRO, known in past times as the author of *Random Shots* and *Southern Breezes*, and for many years the chief translator in the State Department in Washington, has recently finished a volume of *Personal Recollections* in this country. As an author, an editor, a lecturer, and a reader of Shakespeare, Mr. Tasistro's experiences have been unusual, and his long-continued connection with the government in an official capacity has given him rare opportunities of becoming acquainted with the leading men of the day; and as he deals in personalities, a readable book may be anticipated. Mr. Tasistro has lately supervised a manuscript from the pen of the late Edgar A. Poe, which will be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. His own work is to be published first in London.

DR. J. W. PALMER has been engaged for some time past on a new edition of his beautiful holiday book, *Folk Songs*, which Messrs. Scribner & Co. are to publish during the ensuing fall. He has gone over the work very carefully, we understand, revising the text throughout by the best authorities, substituting new extracts in place of others of less merit in the old edition, besides adding more than one hundred fresh poems, twenty-two new il-

lustrations, and three new fac-similes of autographs. The old edition of the *Folk Songs*, originally published in 1861, was a gem of a book, but the new one promises to surpass it in many respects.

MESSRS. ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co. are about to publish *The Days of Yore*, a collection of stories by Miss Sarah Tytler, a lady who is rapidly coming into notice in England. We knew of her first in this country through the publication, two or three years since, by a Boston house, of her *Papers for Thoughtful Girls*, a charming little volume which should have had a large circulation. Her next work, so far as we know, was *Citoyenne Jacqueline*, a novel of the French Revolution, which was published in the early part of last winter, and which made a decided sensation in England, the best journals at once recognizing its many excellences. We have read in our time a great many stories, tales, romances, and what not of that period, but none that remains in our memories with the same freshness and sweetness. It has the two-fold merit of presenting the country and city life of France with equal truthfulness and power, the beauty of the opening scenes, which lay in the interior, contrasting finely with the closing ones, which reveal to us the wild, terrible life of Paris in the madness of its great Revolution. All the characters, gentle and simple, good and bad, are drawn with masterly skill, and apparently without effort, the great art of the book consisting in its apparent artlessness. The only English romance which deals with the same subject that is worthy of being named in the same breath with *Citoyenne Jacqueline* is Mr. Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, and yet how different they are, the one filling the mind with dreadful images, and leaving behind it a shadow like that of a great tempest which has spent its force; the other touching the soul with pity and sorrow, like the memory of a dear, dead face. Of *Days of Yore* a late number of *The Reader* says: "Miss Tytler has been happy in the selection of all her stories; and whether touching on the early history of Scotland, or crossing the channel to Holland, in her story of the *Days of the Dutch Fair*, in her pictures of last century, or the stories of this, there is always something new, and the characters are so well portrayed, and such clear representations of people and things set forth, that we close the book with a regret that there are not two other volumes left to peruse." Miss Tytler has another work nearly ready, entitled *The Diamond Rose: a Life of Love and Duty*. She is also a contributor to *The Argosy* and other English magazines of the day.

MR. GEORGE COOPER sends us the following seasonable little poem, which has a charming fancy and feeling of its own:

AN AUTUMN FANCY.

The apple-trees up in the orchard,
This breezy autumnal morn,
Are tossing their heads in a frolic
And laughing the year to scorn.

Around us the flowers are fading,
And grasses and leaves decay;
But those merry groups on the uplands,
What in the world care they?

Children are picking the wind-falls,
And shouting in pure delight,
While the trees they nod this way and that way,
Plainly enjoying the sight!

You would say they were playing at pastimes;
And look! at arm's length they hold
The bubbles they blow, all shining
In russet and crimson and gold!

THE art of "conveying," which English writers are so ready to lay at the doors of American publishers, and with too much truth, we are sorry to say, is understood equally well in the mother country, where publishers of a certain sort are not above turning an honest penny by theft. The *Young Folks* of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, for instance, is a store-house from which the publishers of English juvenile books and magazines draw largely. Mr. O. B. Beeton filching Mrs. Stowe's *Hum*, the *Son of Buz*, for his *Annual*, Mr. Nimmo making one or more volumes of stories out of the back numbers of *Our Young Folks*, to say nothing of the editors of the *Boy's Journal* and the *Boy's Friend*, who help themselves to its contents in the most liberal manner.

FOREIGN.

THE *Spectator* devotes over three columns to Björnsterne Björnson, the young Norwegian novelist and poet of whom we made mention last week in reference to his delightful story, *Arne*. "It is very short," it says, "and nearly perfect, containing few incidents, only one or two characters, and not one solitary attempt at fine writing, and, so far from being a mere sketch, it is a prose idyl, essentially poetic. To paint portraits or landscapes is not the poet's business; his task is rather to make faces

loom upon us spiritually, and to pass the sensation of beautiful truths through the emotions into the mind. Björnson never merely describes, but again and again, by means of a sudden flash of color, or a characteristic, or a strong expression, he makes us acquainted with a scene or with a soul, and that with all the felicity of revelation. Now and then, indeed, the light, generally concentrated and subdued, is suffered to overflow, and in most of these cases the page is flooded with unusual beauty. Though the color be generally true and subdued, there are instances enough of spilt tints and bright touches to show that Björnson, an artist in the best sense of the word, has not regulated his inspiration by too positive a culture." The reviewer speaks of a story of Björnson's, *A Happy Lad*, as being quite as fine as *Arne*, and quotes a couple of extracts from it which are charming. He does not consider Björnson successful as a dramatist: "The plays are poor as plays, though they possess much of the beautiful picturing and delicate suggestion of the stories; for beautiful picturing will not supply the place of moving incident, and delicate suggestion is too weak for purposes of dramatic characterization." He admits that Björnson is a poet, and quotes this poem as full of pensiveness—very sweet, if not remarkably profound:

"Jagerid Sletten, of Willav pool,
Had no costly trinkets to wear;
But a cap she had that was far more fair,
Although 't was only of wool.

"It had no trimming, and now was old;
But her mother, who long had gone,
Had given it to her, and so it shone
To Jagerid more than gold.

"For twenty years she laid it aside,
That it might not be worn away:
'My cap I'll wear on that blissful day
When I shall become a bride.'

"For thirty years she laid it aside,
Lest the colors might fade away:
'My cap I'll wear when to God I pray,
A happy and grateful bride.'

"For forty years she laid it aside,
Still holding her mother as dear:
'My little cap, I certainly fear
I never shall be a bride.'

"She went to look for the cap one day,
In the chest where it long had lain;
But, ah! her looking was all in vain—
The cap had moldered away."

If the English reviewers were to be believed, Mr. Swinburne's last volume of poems and ballads was a mass of obscene rubbish. Their statements, however—at any rate such wholesale statements as were made by the critics of *The Athenæum* and *The Saturday Review*—should be taken with many grains of salt. That Mr. Swinburne's book contained poems (the number is not large) which he should not have printed in their present form, if at all, is certain; but it is equally certain that it contains poems which add to his brilliant reputation, and which no poet of the time save himself could have written. Some of these have been reprinted in this country, others have not. Among the last is this stately and noble dirge:

IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Back to the flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring,
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and Spring.

The sweet lands laugh from sea to sea,
Filled full of sun;
All things come back to her, being free;
All things but one.

In many a tender wheat plot,
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive; but not
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,
Far north, I hear
One face shall never turn to me
As once this year:

Shall never smile and turn and rest
On mine as there,
Nor one most sacred hand be prest
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,
If hope there be,
O spirit that man's life left pure,
Man's death set free,

Not with disdain of days that were
Look earthward now;
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,
The imperial brow;

Come back in sleep, for in the life
Where thou art not
We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot

Move thee no more; but love at least
And reverent heart
May move thee, royal and released,
Soul, as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name,
As morning star with evening star,
His faultless fame.

THE *Saturday Review*, in a recent article on the *Biography of Shakespeare*, says that Mr. Dyce's and Mr. Richard Grant White's records of the poet's life are, beyond comparison, the most satisfactory. He thinks that Mr. White, however, has not done justice to Ben Jonson when he says that his scholarship, though very thorough and exact, was not profound or various. "It may not have been 'profound,' but it was 'various,' extending from usual to unusual sources in Greek, as editor Gifford found when he traced the character of Morose, in the *Silent Woman*, to a very brief hint given in an obscure dialogue of Lucian's. We have ourselves tracked Jonson's footsteps in Dion Pruseus and the rhetorician Aristides; and should a second Gifford arise, he is hereby recommended to look sharply after the Greek epigrammatists." And elsewhere, touching on Shakespeare's inability, real or supposed, to read Plutarch's *Lives* in the original Greek—an inability which, as Mr. Dyce observes, is common to the majority of Shakespeare's countrymen at the present moment—the reviewer says: "It was an inability shared with him by Voltaire, who, in his plays on Greek and Roman subjects, was assuredly guiltless of an acquaintance with Plutarch, Appian, or Dion Cassius in the original; shared with him by Calderon, who, in his *Zenobia*, had as surely not consulted the Augustan historians; shared with him by Molière, who, though he reproduces scenes from Aristophanes in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, derived them from a translation into French"—all of which shows that Shakespeare was not a prodigy of ignorance with his "small Latin and less Greek."

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is about to commence a new series of readings at St. James's Hall.

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL, the author of *George Geith*, etc., has been, through severe illness, forbidden all literary labor.

DR. JOHN BROWN, of Edinburgh, author of *Rab and his Friends*, is in a very ill state of health.

FLORENCE MARRYATT, a daughter of the late Captain Marryatt, is about to publish a new novel, entitled *For Ever and Ever*.

M. E. R. SAINT-HILAIRE, professor of ancient history, is about to enjoy the honor of an English translation of his lectures on Julius Caesar, which were delivered in the Sorbonne in 1844 and 1863.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. announce *The Light and Life of Men*, by the Rev. John Young, LL.D.; and *Puss in Boots*, and *Tom Thumb*, illustrated by Gustave Doré.

MR. F. A. BRADY will soon publish *Margaret Hamilton and Right and Left*, by Mrs. J. C. Newby, author of *Kate Kennedy*, etc.

MR. C. B. RICHARDSON has in the press *Geology for Colleges and Academies*, by Prof. Joseph Lecomte, of the University of South Carolina; and *Natural Philosophy for Schools*, by Prof. F. H. Smith, of the University of Virginia.

MR. JAMES MILLER has in preparation *Lucy's Half Crown*; *Guide to Health*; *Mrs. Ellis's Complete Cook*; and *Poems of Childhood*, by Mrs. E. B. Browning, with illustrations by Hennessy.

MESSRS. ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS announce *The Great Pilot and his Lessons*, by Dr. Newton; *Binding the Sheaves*, by the author of *Win and Wear*; *The Story of Martin Luther*, edited by Miss Whately; *Jacobus on Genesis*, Vol. II.; *The House of Israel*, by the author of *The Wide, Wide World*; *The Golden Ladder Series*, in six volumes; *Omnipotence of Loving Kindness*; and *Heaven Opened*.

MESSRS. ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co. will publish during the season *Miscellanies from the Writings of A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster*; *Our Father's Busi-*

ness, and *Out of Harness*, by Thomas Guthrie, D.D.; *Touche of Nature, a Fine Art Gift Book*; *Essays*, by Henry Rogers; *Stories*, by Anthony Trollope; *The Romance of Charity*, by John De Liefde; *Lives and Deeds worth Knowing About*, by W. F. Stevenson; *Out and Out*, *The History of a Heroic Youth*, by a City Man; *Unspoken Sermons*, by the Vicar of Marsh-mallows; *Chapters on Science for Boys*; *Wind-Wafted Seed, a Book for the Young*; *Peeps at Foreign Countries*; *The Washer-woman's Foundling*; and *Edward's Firing*, illustrated.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS will shortly publish *The Old Sergeant, and Other Poems*, by Forceythe Willson.

MESSRS. GRAVES & YOUNG will soon publish *One-Armed Hugh, the Little-Corn Merchant*, by Mrs. A. S. Moffat, author of *Cedar Brook Stories*.

MR. MUNSELL will issue a new edition of *The Life and Times of Red Jacket*, by the late Wm. L. Stone, with a memoir by his son.

MESSRS. VIRTUE & YORSTON announce *Selected Pictures from the Galleries and Private Collections of Great Britain—a series of Engravings from the Best Works by the Best British Artists*. Edited by S. C. Hall, F.S.A.

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NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: One of your correspondents, who correctly states that the beautiful song,

"Hark! hark! the soft bugle sounds over the wood,"

was written by the late Gerald Griffin, author of *The Collegians*, has expressed a complimentary wish, in your columns, that I should write his life or give sketches of it. This I should gladly do, though I met poor Griffin not more than half a dozen times, and have given away most of his letters, if the task had not been already well performed. A collective edition of Griffin's writings was published in London, in 1842-3, by his brother James, then a parliamentary reporter, and was reprinted in 1846. It consisted of eight volumes, the first of which contained a life by his brother, Dr. Daniel Griffin, of Limerick. I have always considered this the best short biography I ever read. Eight years ago, D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York, published the first American edition of Griffin's works, in ten volumes; whereas the London collection had been in eight. The tragedy of *Gisippus* and the historical romance of *The Invasion*, neither of which had been included in any previous edition, are given in this, and his life, by his brother, was carefully rewritten and extended for the American publishers, forming, with the letters ingeniously interwoven with the narrative, a 12mo volume of some 400 pages, which, I repeat, is the most interesting biography of that extent I ever read. I will not rashly say that I may not write a sketch or two of Gerald Griffin, certainly one of the most amiable as well as able of literary Irishmen, but I refer your correspondent, "M.S.," of Chicago, to the life by his brother.

Yours, R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

PHILADELPHIA, September 13, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: The speech of Sheridan about which your correspondent, "O. Von K.," inquires (Aug. 11) cannot be found, I apprehend, outside the parliamentary reports. It was delivered in 1810. "O. Von K." incorrectly quotes the passage, however. As given by Lord Brougham, in his *Statesmen of the Time of George III.*, it is as follows: "Give them a corrupt House of Lords, give them a

venal House of Commons, give them a tyrannical prince, give them a truckling court, and let me but have an unfettered press, I will defy them to encroach a hairsbreadth upon the liberties of England."

Where are the following lines, which are ascribed to Pope by Whipple in his lecture on *Wit and Humor*, to be found?

"I own I'm proud—I must be proud—to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me."

I not long since met in a newspaper with some amusing verses, entitled *The Sea*, bearing the name of a well-known American poetess as the author. Their *esprit* may be judged from the following:

"Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip:
Sometimes, alas! we *ship a sea*,
Sometimes we *see a ship*."

In the *Comic Offering* of 1833 are some verses similarly entitled, one of which is the annexed:

"But ask me not to take another trip,
For one excursion is enough for me;
I went intending but to *see a ship*,
When the vile boat which bore me *shipped a sea*."

In the celebrated apostrophe to the ocean in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* are these lines:

"Thy shores are empires changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—where are they?
Thy waters wasted them when they were free,
And many a tyrant since."

In a letter to Moore, while the canto was going through the press, Byron writes:

"What does 'thy waters wasted them' mean? That is not me. Consult the MS. *always*." The passage remains uncorrected. I am curious to know what you suppose the correct reading to be.

Can you enlighten me as to the historical meaning of "Jedwood justice" (hanging a man and afterwards trying him), which Macaulay, in his review of Moore's *Life of Byron*, says was rigorously dealt out by English society to the unhappy poet on the occasion of his separation from his wife?

There is an old English proverb which says:

"First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by *Lydford law*."

A curious vindication of it, on merciful grounds, by a Devonshire poet, may be found in the *Book of Days*, September 9.

What does the letter R with a bar dexter across its tail, prefixed by the faculty to those mysterious hieroglyphics which the apothecary translates into delightful compounds for the cure of "ills that flesh is heir to," signify? It is popularly understood, I believe, to be an abbreviation of *recipe* (Lat.), take thou; but Charles Reade, in rendering into English a couple of medical prescriptions in *Very Hard Cash*, gives it thus: "O Jupiter aid us!" W. G. T.

Newport, Ky., September 14.

P.S.—Has not the following passage from *Paradise Regained* some degree of applicability to General Grant?

"But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness;
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, e'er I send him forth
To conquer."

The corrupt passage in *Childe Harold* is corrected, if our memory serves us, in Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s edition of Byron, in their series of "British Poets," the true reading of the line being:

"Thy waters washed them power when they were free."

The rest of our correspondent's queries we must leave to the consideration of readers who have leisure to look up the information he seeks.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Being of a somewhat literal and prosaic turn of mind, and not apt to admire what I cannot understand, I experience much of the late Colonel Newcome's difficulty in understanding some of our modern poetry. I blush to own that the fourth line of *Locksley Hall* (a poem which, with this exception, I understand and admire) has always puzzled me sorely. Will you, Mr. Editor, or some of your readers, kindly help me to its meaning, or at least to its grammatical construction? In the "cabinet edition" of Tennyson published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields I find the line printed as follows:

"Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall."

What flies over Locksley Hall? The moorland? Certainly not; though, if there were no other guide to the meaning of the line than its grammatical construction, we might reasonably infer that such was the poet's meaning. Is the verse, in fact, elliptical, and should we read it *mentally* as follows:

"The moorland gleams dreary about (to the curlews) flying over Locksley Hall?"

If this be the meaning of the line, is it not expressed with remarkable, almost "transcendental," obscurity and clumsiness, to say nothing of the bathos of describing a scene not as it presents itself to the spectator, but as it appears to the eyes of a curlew? STOOPID.

HUDSON, N. Y.

The obscurity of which our correspondent complains is more apparent than real, arising chiefly from the defective punctuation of the lines as they stand in the ordinary editions of Tennyson. It is not the moorland which gleams, of course, but the curlews. The word "gleams," however, is not used as a verb, but as a substantive, the curlews being the "dreary gleams" of the

poet. Properly punctuated, the passage would stand thus:

"Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call—
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: There is something in a name, Mr. Editor, as your correspondents have fully shown, and experience has demonstrated a thousand times in this world. Here is a sample of such names as occur frequently, I presume, among the Germans: C. A. Schwetschke. One cannot look at that first *e* there without feelings of painful suspense. Will it live, or will it be smothered in the crowd of rough fellows that press upon it from both sides? The name reminds me of something in De Quincey. He is speaking of Nietzsche, the distinguished editor of the *Odyssey*, and goes on to say: "Nitzsch's name is against him; it is intolerable to see such a thicket of consonants with but one little bit of a vowel amongst them; it is like the proportions between Falstaff's bread and his sack. However the name looks worse than it sounds, for it is only our own word *niche* barbarously written."

Yours, etc.,

S. D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Having found most pleasing proof of your appreciation of Tennyson's poems in the columns of your esteemed paper, I venture to place myself among your correspondents by submitting one or two questions on certain passages in the volume referred to, occurring in poems which seem to reveal the author's soul-life more clearly than any of his other efforts, and which, perhaps, in consequence call for a more minute study of their meaning.

The first unexplained passage to which I refer occurs in the eighty-sixth canto of *In Memoriam*, the difficulty being that deficient erudition keeps from me the significance of "the bar of Michael Angelo," in the last line of the canto. What is meant by it?

In *The Two Voices* a verse occurs which seems to the imperfectly tutored mind either rather ambiguous or decidedly blind. Will you or some correspondent have the kindness to transform the following verse into homely prose. It reads as follows:

"The sullen answer slid betwixt:
'Not that the grounds of hope were *fazed*,
The elements were kinder *mized*.'"

Of course the difficulty is in the last line, or perhaps the two last.

In regard to my Tennysonian difficulty, I have only to say that I have a faith in everything of his authorship which leads to the belief that every verse is fraught with some treasure of meaning either hidden or plain, and I have made this communication in the hope of having the veil removed from the passages referred to.

Yours truly,

J. T.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In the last issue of THE ROUND TABLE (September 15) your Boston correspondent, "W," quotes incorrectly the distich indorsed on the "canceled obligation" of which he speaks. I am able to send you a correct copy, as I possess it in the handwriting of its venerable author, Charles Sprague, and also of the late Dr. Pierpont. It reads thus:

"Behold a wonder, seldom seen by men—
Lines of no value from John Pierpont's pen."

The happy circumstance that facetiously called it forth has been remembered by the brother poets as a pleasing reminiscence.

Very truly yours,

S. H. TRACY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 15, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Perhaps some of your correspondents who have recently been giving you accounts of odd signs may be able to find a match for the following: In Hudson, N. Y., is a sign, "J C Anable," without any punctuation. Formerly there was a sign over the next door, on a line with the foregoing, and almost joining it, "Eating House." The announcement was not conducive to good appetite.

There is a sign in Albany—"D. Cameron"—which suggests an Italian classic. I have known in the course of my life a musician named Tabor, a gambler named Winslow, and a dentist named Toothaker.

J. B.

TROT, N. Y., September 15, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you tell me who is the author of the following aphorism:

"Ass in present seldom makes a wise man in futuro?"

Also, to what Scotch author is attributable

"What maun be maun be?"

Yours truly,

M.

WILMINGTON, O., September 8, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: "C. F. M." some time since (August 25) asks where the lines to the memory of Father Prout, *Shu Fugaces*, can be found. They were copied into *The Irish People*; I don't know the date. Talking of Father Prout reminds me it was stated at the time of his death in some of the journals here that the bells of Shandon church could not be heard across the river. This is not so. I have heard them tolling across the river frequently.

RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Your regular Boston correspondent, "W," in his letter of September 8, says "Hennessy is preparing designs for a handsome edition of Whittier's *Maud Muller*—the first time, if I remember rightly, that the Quaker poet has had the adornment of the pencil, and

Maud Muller is certainly the happiest stroke of his for such appreciation from the public."

Your correspondent, who so seldom mistakes or forgets, will find three charming illustrations—two by Hill and one (*Maud*) by Macdonough—on pages 205, 208, and 210 of *Folk Songs*. The proofs of those cuts were sent to Mr. Whittier before printing, and he expressed in a lively manner the gratification they afforded him.

P.S.—Who can tell me where I can find some verses of which these four lines are all that I can remember, seeing that I have not met with the rest since I was ten years old?

"To teach his grandson drafts
His leisure he'd employ,
Until at last the old man
Was beaten by the boy."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you or any of your readers inform me through the columns of your paper where the following lines can be found:

"Bear a lily in thy hand,
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of thy magic wand."

Yours truly,

M. D.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1866.

If "M. D." will turn to Mr. Longfellow's poem of *Maidenhood*, she will not have to look any further.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: What is the origin of the application of the word "Philistines" to the opponents of new ideas, and who first used it in this way? Yours truly,
A REGULAR READER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Your observations in a recent number on the poetry of the sea have recalled to my mind some beautiful thoughts of the poets on the stars, about which there has been more poetry written, perhaps, than of any other of the handiworks of nature. They have been called the poetry of the heavens so often that there is but little poetry left to the expression; but Bulwer improved on it greatly when he said that the stars were "the scriptures of the heavens." Some one else—whom we never knew—gave birth to a beautiful thought when he said they were "Gimlet-holes to let the glory through." More commonly we hear them called the "candles that light the angels off to bed," "jewels in God's throne," etc. We should like to know who it was that was guilty of this gem:

"One by one, in the vast meadow of heaven,
Twinkle the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

The "eternal harmonies above" have not lacked for admirers among the greatest poets. Shakespeare writes:

"Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick laid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."

Tennyson in *Maud* apostrophizes the stars in this wise:

"Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man!"

Time fails us to further follow the poets in their fancies about

"The stars, whose twinkling rays
Bedeck the skies above with gliding light,
And half dethrone the darkness of the night;"

but *apropos* of this, we remember a beautiful pair of stanzas on the sky, which we never saw accredited to any poet, although the author has little cause to be ashamed of them. Does any one know who it is?

"The sky is a drinking cup,
That was overturned of old;
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold."

"We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up;
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup."

Sincerely,

S. N. D. N.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, Sept. 8, 1866.

THE ROUND TABLE.

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REVIEWS:

THE CRISIS OF ROME, LIFE OF ROBERT OWEN,
THE HIDDEN SIN,
HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE, ETC., MORETON HALL.

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